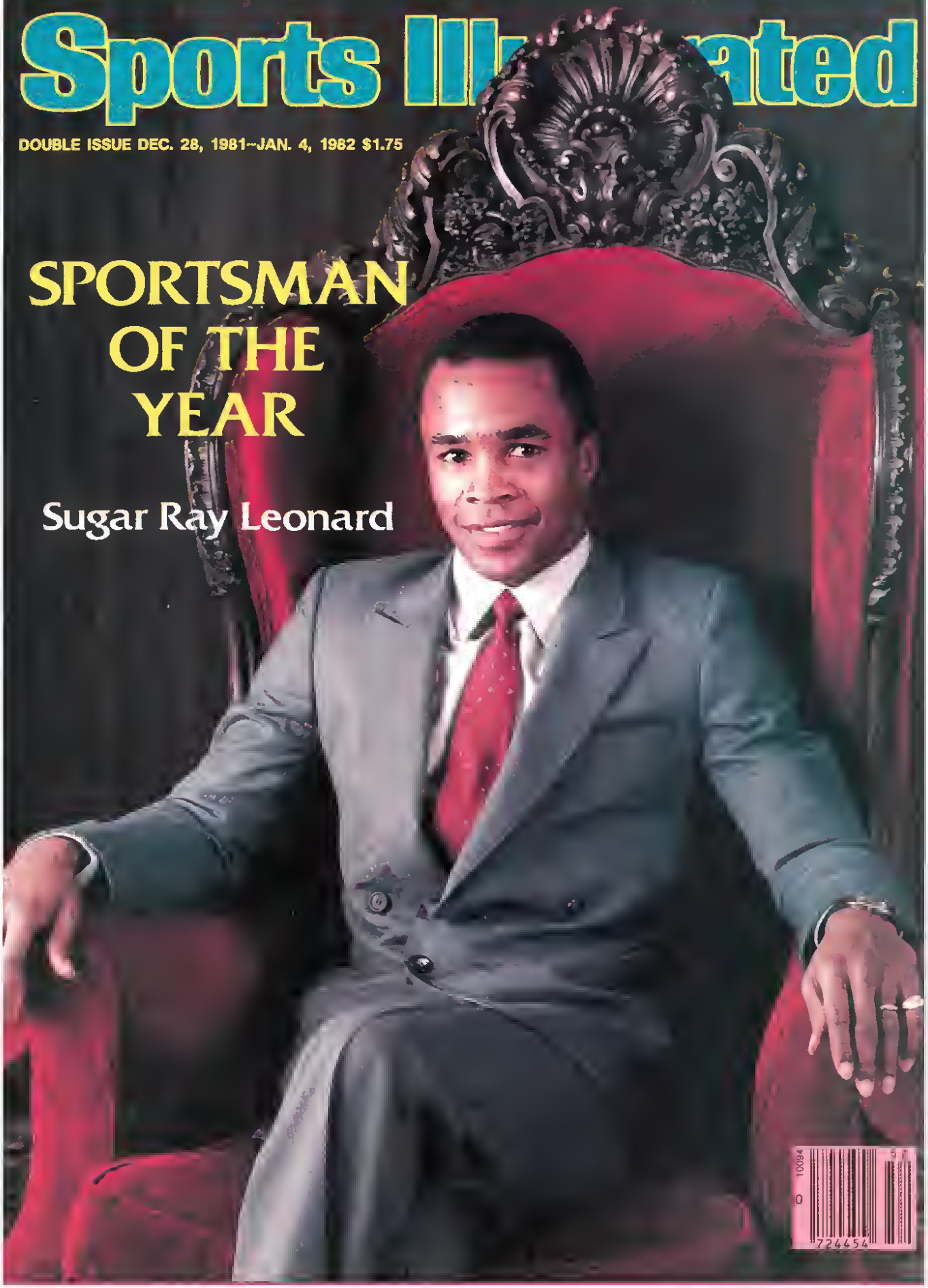
Sports Illustrated

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# SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

## Sugar Ray Leonard

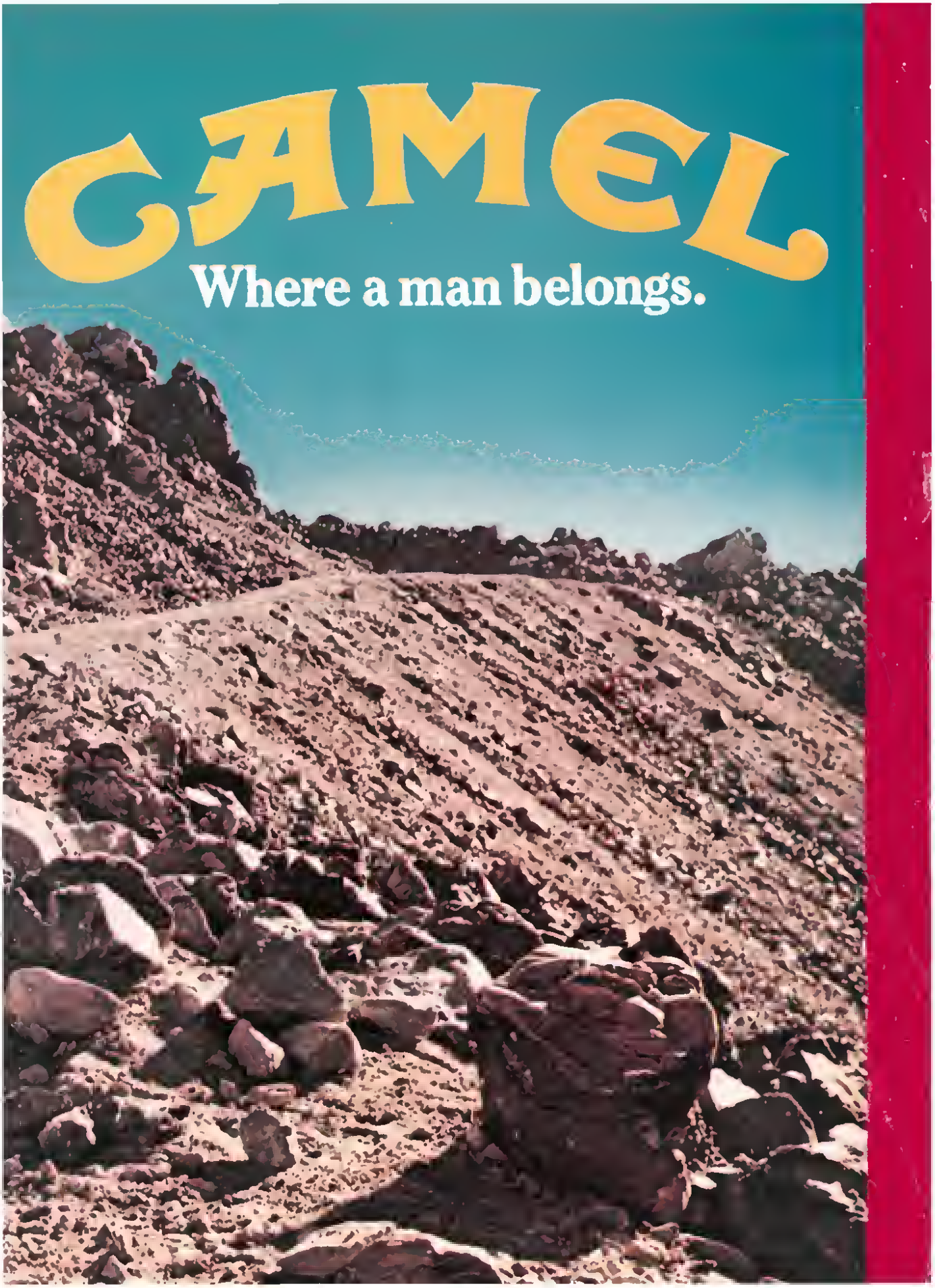


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Sports Illustrated

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WALT SPITZMILLER—SUBURBAN COWBOY

In 1953, when he was eight years old, artist Walt Spitzmiller's mother took him to a rodeo in his hometown of St. Louis. It was an amateur performance, and the "stadium" where it was held is now a parking lot, but Spitzmiller can close his eyes at his West Redding, Conn. home, where he lives with his wife and two children, and still see it. "What I remember most," he says, "is the crowd, the opening ceremony and the bulls—the bull riding."

Twenty-six years later, Spitzmiller received an opportunity few free-lance artists ever get: a chance to choose his own subject. Ordinarily, artists are asked to illustrate an article already written, but three years ago Dick Gangel, SI's long-time art director who retired last September, said to Spitzmiller, "You've done everything we've ever assigned—what would *you* like to do?" Spitzmiller thought about it for a while and chose—you got it—rodeo.

Over a period of a year and a half he traveled, between assignments, approximately 15,000 miles, going first to the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, then to the First Annual Rodeo of New Orleans and finally to Frontier Days in Cheyenne, Wyo., which bills itself as "The Daddy of Them All" and attracts 1,800 contestants. He accumulated masses of photographs, sketches and notes and an abiding respect for rodeo people.

"I got really interested in the cowboy as an athlete," says Spitzmiller. "There are some similarities between a bull rider and an NFL linebacker. A bull will get you off and then try to injure you. *He'll* kick you, run over you; he won't stop. It's like when Earl Campbell came into the league. These defensive backs would say, 'Oh, Lord, here he comes again!' That's how cowboys feel about bulls."

Spitzmiller says he felt a strong identification with the cowboys, because as a free-lance artist he doesn't know where his next paycheck is coming from, and neither do they. Deputy Art Director Richard Warner, who accompanied Spitzmiller on that first trip to Oklahoma City, says, "Walt pondered this job for months before he did anything. A lot of artists can push paint around a canvas, but some, like Walt, transcend this. They put their intellect to use, as well as their skills."

Spitzmiller found his project for SI so absorbing that he continued to work and travel further on his own, and at the end he had done 30 paintings and drawings, plus a limited-edition lithograph. All this brought him full circle to Oklahoma City, where he had a one-man show at the Myriad Convention Center during this year's National Finals Rodeo two weeks ago. "The cowboys loved the paintings," says Spitzmiller. "They'd never seen their sport portrayed that way. The only negative comment I heard was from a cowboy's wife who said I didn't have enough 'ropers' in the show."

They must also have liked Spitzmiller, because they made him an honorary cowboy and gave him a lifetime membership in the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. But does he want to be a cowboy? "I have no desire to get on a bull," he says, "but bareback riding intrigues me. Maybe if the horse was old and tired, I'd think about getting on one, but mostly I'm content just to watch."

Philip D. Howlett



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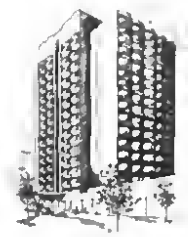
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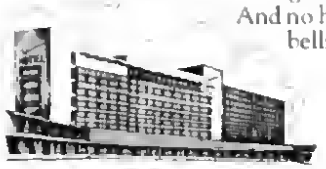


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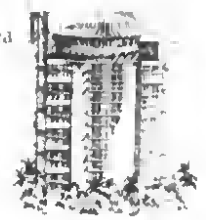
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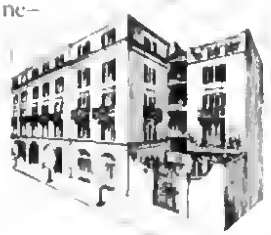
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# Shopwalk

by ANDY MEISLER

**HERE'S A COUPLE OF CHESS EXPERTS YOU CAN KEEP IN YOUR HIP POCKET**

Only a few years ago a machine smart enough to play a decent chess game would fill an entire room. Later, scaled-down models began appearing in upscale toy stores. Now the latest marvels of miniaturization are chess computers so small they'll fit in a pocket or palm.

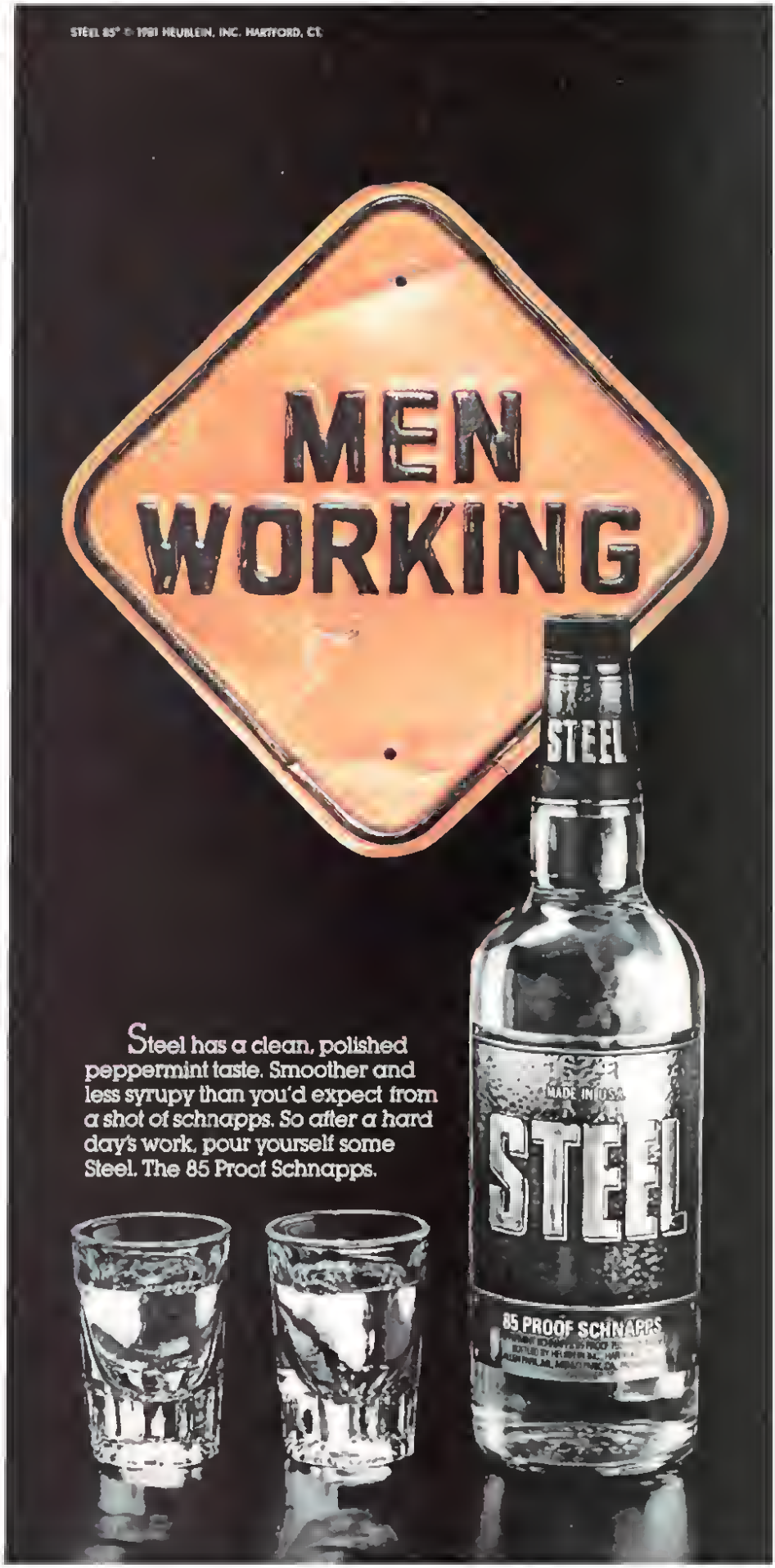
Two new mini-sized models, Mattel Electronics' Computer Chess and SciSys (pronounced SIGH-sis) Computer Inc.'s Executive Chess, are especially portable and compact because they don't use conventional chess pieces at all. Both have 3" x 3" liquid-crystal display (LCD) screens divided into 64 tiny squares. A push of the start button on either model fills its screen with symbols for each of the pieces in the starting position, and either the player or the computer can open the game. The player makes a move by placing the computer's cursor over the piece he wants moved, pressing a button to attract the computer's attention, moving his cursor to the destination square and pressing "enter."

The Mattel model plays at four skill levels, producing almost immediate replies at Level 1 and consuming up to 30 minutes per move at Level 4 because it "thinks" further ahead. The SciSys device has eight skill levels.

On both machines, a player can set up chess problems by electronically placing pieces wherever he wishes. Mattel's game also allows two humans to use it as a conventional chessboard. An option offered by both machines is to have the computer play both sides at once.

Computer Chess, which runs on four AA batteries (there's an inlet for a six-volt AC adapter but, oddly, none is provided or offered), sells for $130. Executive Chess runs on six AA's and comes with an AC adapter for $129.50.

How smart are these little computers? Well, neither purports to be capable of beating its bulkier big brothers—or human grandmasters, for that matter. They do, however, provide a stiff challenge to intermediate players and wallop beginners with ease. END



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# BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

**A PROVOCATIVE EXPOSURE OF WHAT LIES BEHIND THE ILLUSIONS OF SPORT**

When an expert, experienced sports reporter has the guts to state publicly that amateurism, as it has traditionally been defined in America, is a "poison," he deserves to be heard. Leonard Koppett has the credentials, and he gets my attention when he says that the amateur system not only leads to hypocritical practices, which we already knew, but is also "evil in *principle*."

Koppett makes these statements, and others almost as provocative, in *Sports Illusion, Sports Reality* (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95), a book for everyone who has any active role in big-time sports, as player, manager, administrator, official or journalist. Beyond question, every journalism school and every university that offers a *serious* curriculum in sports administration—as opposed to those set up for the sole purpose of providing A's for athletes—should make this book required reading.

Its relevance for the fan may not be quite so strong, but anyone who really wants to understand sports in this country could benefit from reading it.

To Koppett, an amateur is someone who jogs or plays weekend softball. In his view, it's not only misleading but also insulting to call someone who has spent his or her life perfecting a skill—the miler who holds the world record, for example—an amateur. The rules of amateurism evolved in Victorian England, a time when "gentlemen" looked down on working for pay, to a point where the lack of remuneration was elevated to a symbol for moral purity. There was a social stigma associated with receiving money for playing sports. These days it is patently absurd, Koppett writes, to say that a sprinter who is paid with a college scholarship worth thousands of dollars is an amateur and thus eligible for the Olympics, while a judo enthusiast who once did a little instructing for peanuts is a professional and forever tainted.

What to do about it? Simple, Koppett says. Abolish the *code* of amateurism, which is a cynical fraud anyway. The Olympics could remain amateur, in that no one would be paid for participating, but neither would anyone be barred because he couldn't produce a simon-pure chit. The finest athletes would all be welcome, regardless of their need to make a living at the thing they do best

While Koppett's cure for shamateurism is one of the most striking and admirable things he has to say in *Sports Illusion, Sports Reality*, it's not the principal subject of the book, which is a detailed study of big-money spectator sports from every conceivable angle. It begins with a point-by-point analysis of sports as a business. There's nothing very startling here, but it's all solid information. This is followed by an examination of sports journalism, which should be instructive to any young reporter and a few old ones—especially the chapters on reporting technique and sportswriting ethics.

Along the way, Koppett propounds some intriguing—and, in many cases, doubtlessly valid—notions. There is, for example, "sports-think," the American tendency to make analogies between the playing field and the real world. And these analogies are dangerous, says Koppett: "In sports, of course, victory in the contest is an end in itself: there is nothing beyond it, except the next game or the next season. So a sports-loving culture, steeped in sports-think, starts to follow the contest for [political] power in contest terms, rather than in terms of what the winner will do later." And if this sort of thinking becomes the norm in the U.S., Koppett seems to suggest, there goes the old ball game.

Some of Koppett's proposals, I confess, seem a bit naive, notably his formula for determining collegiate eligibility, based solely on an athlete's genuine progress toward a degree. It sounds fine except that it assumes a universal reluctance on the part of college presidents to compromise academic integrity by granting phony degrees. I wonder about that.

As Koppett's title clearly indicates, he's mainly concerned with identifying and explaining the illusions in American sport, including the grand one that underlies it: that the result of a game matters. If you've ever wondered why you believe that, as I certainly have, then this book may help you find the answer. And for those of you who hope to spend your lives profiting from that illusion, this can be your basic text. END

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# 1982 Mazda 626. Just one look and you

## The more you look at the finest road cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe.

There are many similarities between the Mazda 626 and the BMW 320i. But as you begin to study these two exceptional road cars, one major difference stands out.



The 626 stands for exceptional value.

It's also an exceptional automobile. The 626 handles like a sports car. Rides like a full-size car. Looks like an expensive European road car. And gets gas mileage like an economy car.

**37** **27** The 626 is an engaging mixture of sophistication and sport. A car that is quick and precise through turns. Yet roomy and comfortable through long trips.

LSF hwy mpg EST mpg

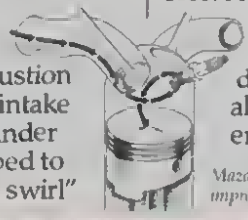
Performance and handling come from a 2.0 litre overhead cam engine, 5-speed transmission, and front suspension and steering systems adapted from the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

Perhaps best of all, the 626 offers you all this at an astonishingly low price.

Proof that among the world's fine road cars, the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe not only stands out. But stands *alone* as a remarkable value.

### "HIGH SWIRL" MEANS IMPROVED PERFORMANCE.

The 2-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead cam engine has an aluminum cross-flow cylinder head with a hemispherical combustion chamber. The intake port in the cylinder head is S-shaped to produce "high swirl" turbulence in the fuel/air mixture. This leads to improved atomization, resulting in a faster, more stable combustion process. Atomization is also enhanced by the unique carburetor design, which allows the fuel to enter the airstream in *eight* small sprays instead of one large one.



*Mazda's high swirl intake port improves the combustion process*

A fully-transistorized ignition system also contributes to combustion stability.

These meticulous refinements help the 626 meet the conflicting demands of low exhaust emissions, good performance, and excellent fuel economy.



### A ROAD CAR THAT KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THE ROAD.

Impeccable road manners come standard with every Mazda 626 Sport Coupe. Its behavior on curves is especially impressive.

The 626 owes its superb handling characteristics, in part, to its almost perfect balance. 51% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And the 626's center of gravity is just 20.3 inches off the ground.

A most effective way to judge how well a car adheres to the road during cornering is to put it on a circular skidpad and measure the amount of lateral g force it can withstand before losing adhesion.




*The 626's near-perfect balance helps it hug the road*

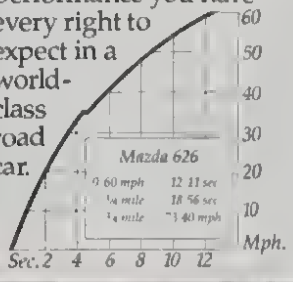


In skidpad tests conducted over the last two years by *Road & Track* magazine, the Mazda 626 achieved a higher score for lateral acceleration (0.760 g) than any other road car in its class.

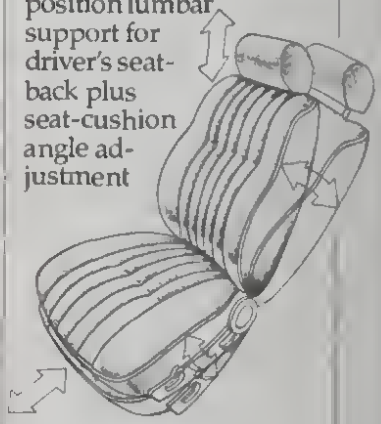
# ee its exceptional value versus BMW 320i.

**ENGINEERED FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.**
Aerodynamic efficiency contributes to a car's performance. So the Mazda 626 was designed to reduce air turbulence, from the slant of its grille to the shape of its rear window. No wonder the 626 achieves a low drag coefficient of 0.39. (The Mazda RX-7's is 0.34.)

The accompanying graph shows the sort of performance you have every right to expect in a world-class road car.




**STANDARD FEATURES ON THE MAZDA 626.**
• 2.0 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Full-width velour upholstery • AM/FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat backs • Orthopedically contoured reclining front bucket seats with adjustable headrests • Remote trunk release • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Tinted glass • Electric rear window defroster • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Three position lumbar support for driver's seat-back plus seat-cushion angle adjustment



• Soft-grip steering wheel • Front door map pockets • Dual electric remote-control sideview mirrors • Tachometer • 8-function electronic check panel • All this and more.



1982 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe **$7545****

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for 626 Sport Coupe. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 626 Sport Coupe. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (wide tires/al wheels $350-$400) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

**LISTEN TO ALL THE QUIET.**
Mazda engineers have gone to great lengths to make the 626 a quiet car in which to ride. For example, the floor pan is spherically curved to reduce resonance. This helps cut down the amount of engine, drivetrain, and road noise transmitted to the passenger compartment.



Various multi-layered sound-deadening materials are applied to the floor and firewall areas to block noise even further.

The aerodynamically-shaped body of the 626 also contributes to a quiet interior by reducing the sound of the wind as it rushes past the windows and pillars.

**THE MAZDA 626 HAS VERY HIGH RESALE VALUE.**
According to the Kelley Blue Book, Sept.-Oct. 1981, the 1979 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe has retained 96.0% of its original suggested retail price.

| 1979 MODEL | RETAINED VALUE 80% 90% 100% |
|---|---|
| Mazda 626 Sport Coupe | 96 (P)% |
| BMW 320i 2 Door Sedan | 104.1% |
| Datsun 200SX Coupe | 85.3% |
| Toyota Celica GT Coupe | 81.5% |

mazda The more you look, the more you like.


Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

**A HIGH TOLERANCE FOR LAWLESSNESS**

In 1977, Paul Holmgren of the Philadelphia Flyers, his skates still on, kicked Boston's Wayne Cashman during a melee in a corridor between the teams' dressing rooms in the Spectrum. In 1978 Holmgren tried to kick the Bruins' Terry O'Reilly during a fight on the ice. That same year he hit the Rangers' Carol Vadnais over the head with his stick. For those acts of thuggery Holmgren, one of the most notorious of the NHL's "enforcers," received slap-on-the-wrist suspensions of three, three and six games, respectively. During his five-year NHL career, Holmgren has been suspended on at least five other occasions, most recently when the NHL penalized him last week for punching Referee Andy van Hellemond in the chest during a Dec. 9 game against the Pittsburgh Penguins. The token punishment, a five-game suspension and a $500 fine. Jim Beatty, a lawyer for the NHL Officials Association, was properly outraged, calling the penalty "grossly inadequate," while van Hellemond said it left him "so upset I can barely talk."

Under most judicial systems, repeated wrongdoing results in increasingly harsh punishment. Not so in the NHL, which subscribes to a violence-sells-tickets philosophy. The league has been particularly forgiving in dealing with mayhem involving the Flyers, which may have something to do with the fact that Philadelphia owner Ed Snider is one of NHL President John Ziegler's staunchest backers. The Flyers have led the NHL in penalty minutes for 10 straight seasons but receive kid-glove treatment when it comes to serious transgressions, witness the four-game suspension that Defenseman Behn Wilson received last month for slashing the Rangers' Reijo Ruotsalainen across the face with his stick. By contrast, Wilf Paiement, then with the Colorado Rockies, was suspended for 15 games in 1978 for engaging in a stick fight with Detroit's Dennis Polonich. Ziegler also demonstrated forbearance in being notably slow to express disapproval when Snider was reported to have pushed Dan McLeod, a supervisor of officials, against a wall following a loss a couple of years ago to Montreal, and when the Flyer boss, indignant over the officiating in Philly's 1980 Stanley Cup finals loss to the Islanders, suggested publicly that Referee-in-Chief Scotty Morrison "should be shot." During a game at the Spectrum against Buffalo on the day after Holmgren was suspended for hitting van Hellemond, Snider, angered by the officiating, rushed to rinkside, leaned over the glass and gave Referee Bruce Hood the choke sign.

Holmgren said that he hit van Hellemond because he was "frustrated." Apparently impressed by this explanation, Brian O'Neill, the NHL official in charge of discipline (*sic*), sought to further justify leniency in the case by noting that while Holmgren had been involved in many violent incidents with other players, he had never before assaulted a referee. In other words, Holmgren was, by NHL logic, a first-time offender.

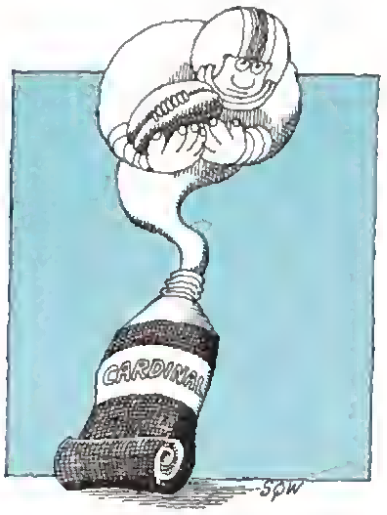
**MUSH!**

As 1981 draws to a close, herewith is our choice for Banner of the Year in what, for Chicago sports fans, anyway, wasn't a banner year. The prize goes to a sign that was held aloft at a Bears game by a fellow for whom the Sting's NASL championship apparently failed to make up for the shortcomings of the Bears, Cubs, White Sox and Bulls: CHICAGO HAS MORE DOG TEAMS THAN THE YUKON.

**CURTAINS FOR WESTERN CIVILIZATION?**

Since 1972, when it scrapped the nickname Indians following protests by native-American groups, Stanford's athletic teams have been known informally as the Cardinals. Although the name supposedly refers to one of the school's colors, there were complaints that it also invoked unintended associations with birds or ecclesiastics. Recently Stanford President Donald Kennedy sought to end the confusion by decreeing that the school's teams henceforth will be known as the Cardinal. Not the Cardinals, *plural*, understand. Simply, *the* Cardinal.

Describing the color as "a rich and vivid metaphor for the very pulse of life," Kennedy noted in a written statement that the new nickname makes Stanford, "as usual, unique in our own (Pac-10) Conference, where one finds six mammals (all carnivores save one), a bird, a Sun Devil, and a military figure of some kind, but no other color." Kennedy continued: "We cannot actually *condemn* those from less cultivated environments who mistakenly pluralize our color by referring to collectives of Stanford athletes as *Cardinals*. But we should instruct




them, as considerately as possible, in the proper use of such nouns of venery. 'Cardinal team' (or, if you must, 'Card gridders, Card netter,' etc.) is acceptable; 'Cardinals' or 'Cards' bad usage."

To say that Kennedy failed to end the controversy is a considerable understatement. His edict disappointed Stanfordites who had plumped for such alternative nicknames as Robber Barons (after founder Leland Stanford) and the Thunderchickens (the nickname of Stanford's defensive front four during its early-'70s football glory years). It also aroused the indignation of Leonard Koppett, sports columnist of *The Peninsula Times Tribune* in Palo Alto and a sometime Stanford instructor, who pronounced himself appalled by Kennedy's "mindless insistence that a color, and especially the color cardinal, can be made to serve the purpose of a mascot or emblem," and who

*continued*

# INTRODUCING A PENSION THAT CAN GET BETTER AS INFLATION GETS WORSE.




*At a time when inflation is squeezing the value from most small-business pensions, here's one that can fight back:*

*The new PensionMaster, from Ætna Life & Casualty.*

*With PensiooMaster, those inflationary forces that are grinding others down can actually mean lower pension costs, greater benefits, or both.*

*You see, when the higher interest rates associated with inflation boosts Ætna's income, we can afford to pass this on as savings to our PensionMaster holders.*

*And even if inflation should unexpectedly plummet, we guarantee that your premiums will never rise beyond the ceiling written into your PensionMaster policy.*

*We suggest you contact your Ætna Agent or Edward N. Cheek, CLU, CEBS, National Director, Pension/Profit Sharing Sales, Life Division, and ask about PensionMaster. The ingeoious new pension that outwits the pinch.*

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# THE COMPANY WORKHORSE.

Business people told us, their hardest working reference book is the Bell System Yellow Pages. That's because on the average they put it to work every working day. No time off! That's why it's the #1 business source.*

And now in many metropolitan areas the Yellow Pages has a new hard-working partner: The Business to Business Bell System Yellow Pages.

It has all the businesses other businesses need along with an easy-to-use index.

**Take the first step. Let your fingers do the walking.**

Bell System Yellow Pages

*Burke Market Research Survey of 5000 businesses April, 1980

argued further that "only a creature can be a mascot, and only an object can be a symbol. A color is neither; it is an attribute, and has to be attached to something . . . if Stanford had chosen, for instance, to be known as 'Puce,' it at least would have avoided a clash with already entrenched tangible images." Putting the issue in perspective, Koppett asked "If the full intellectual resources of Stanford University, worrying about the problem for nearly a decade, cannot recognize that to be symbolized one must have a symbol and that a color is a color and not a symbol, what hope is left for Western civilization?"

Beats us. But we are encouraged that Western culture has so far survived the Big Red of Cornell, the Orange of Syracuse, the Big Green of Dartmouth and the Crimson of Kennedy's alma mater, Harvard.

**A MIDDLING SEASON AT THE TOP**

When top-ranked Clemson takes the field against Nebraska in the Orange Bowl on Jan. 1, more than the national championship will be at stake. Also on the line will be a .500 season for the No. 1 team in the Associated Press rankings—a position that had been occupied by six different schools before Clemson. The "record" of those six teams in games they played when ranked No. 1 stands at 6–6, as follows (with top-ranked team in capitals):

Wisconsin 21 MICHIGAN 14 (0–1)
Michigan 25 NOTRE DAME 7 (0–2)
USC 28 Oklahoma 24 (1–2)
USC 56 Oregon St. 22 (2–2)
Arizona 13 USC 10 (2–3)
Arkansas 42 TEXAS 11 (2–4)
PENN STATE 30 West Virginia 7 (3–4)
Miami 17 PENN STATE 14 (3–5)
PITT 47 Rutgers 3 (4–5)
PITT 48 Army 0 (5–5)
PITT 35 Temple 0 (6–5)
Penn State 48 PITT 14 (6–6)

**MADISON AVENUE GOES TO MADISON**

For several years now, University of Wisconsin rooters have been enlivening their school's athletic contests by lustily singing a variation on the advertising jingle, "When you say Budweiser, you've said it all." The takeoff, which merely substitutes "Wisconsin" for "Budweiser," has become so popular in the Badger state that St. Louis-based Anheuser-Busch, Inc., the brewer of Budweiser, is now exploiting the phenomenon with three 30-second commercials. All three spots, which are aired only in Wisconsin, show Badger fans singing their when-you-say-Wisconsin number. Two of them include film footage of a 1979 football game against Northwestern and a 1980 ice hockey game against Bowling Green. In each of the commercials an announcer says, "Wisconsin, this Bud's for you." In return for the tie-in, Anheuser-Busch made grants of unspecified amounts to the Wisconsin band and athletic department. The Wisconsin athletes didn't get paid by Anheuser-Busch, nor were they identified by name in the commercials, although a number of them were recognizable, including several current members of the school's defending NCAA-champion hockey team.

Although most Wisconsinites find them rousing, the commercials have caused some home-state grumbling that the promotion for Bud might undercut Wisconsin's own Miller, Pabst and Schlitz brands. Another objection was raised last week by David Berst, the NCAA's director of enforcement, who expressed surprise that the school hadn't bothered to clear them with his office. Berst said the Budweiser campaign sounded like a "flat-footed" violation of an NCAA prohibition against athletes allowing themselves or their names to be used in commercials. "If we didn't have such a rule, that's all you'd see," said Berst.

Berst didn't specify, however, what would be so wrong if such commercials *did* become commonplace, thereby providing a new source of badly needed revenue to colleges committed, for better or worse, to big-budget athletics. In recent years Olympic-related sports federations have been groping toward a long-overdue revision of amateurism rules that have allowed some athletes to appear in commercials on the condition that their national federations handle the deals and get at least part of the loot. Whatever one might think of the propriety of college athletes being used in beer advertising, Wisconsin appears to have stumbled into an arrangement that might be used in college sports; though in this case it might be considered best that no endorsement be made by individual athletes and that the take should all go to the institution. If the NCAA could be persuaded to reexamine its policies in this area, a lot of other schools might wind up joining Budweiser in saluting the Badgers.

**CBS PLAYS D**

Don't be surprised if CBS changes its name one of these days to DBS, for the Dallas Broadcasting System. Consider, first, the network's strategy for turning the New Year's Day ratings showdown between the Clemson-Nebraska Orange Bowl on NBC and the Pitt-Georgia Sugar Bowl on ABC into a three-way battle. Because Jan. 1 falls on a Friday, CBS will be able to challenge those games in most major markets with its regular weekly offering of *Dallas*, TV's top-rated show. CBS publicists are ballyhooing the fact that the script for that evening's episode will reveal the fate of Jock Ewing, the patriarch of the oil clan who disappeared from the program following the death last April of the actor who played him, Jim Davis. With the top spot in college football and Ewing's whereabouts up in the air, there could be a whole lot of dial switching on Jan. 1.

CBS also relies heavily on another Dallas product, the Cowboys, whom the network is able to showcase because it carries NFC games, while NBC covers the AFC. Last season CBS barely edged NBC in the average weekly Nielsen ratings during the NFL season, 15.3 to 15.0, but in 1981, going into last weekend's final regular-season games, CBS had clobbered NBC on national games, 17.2 to 13.7. The main difference this year was that CBS concentrated its NFL coverage more heavily on the Cowboys, who appeared in the network's national game no fewer than nine times. "We've been operating on the principle: Put on the best game available, but when in doubt, give 'em Dallas," says CBS spokesman Beano Cook. "Love them or hate them, the Cowboys are the most popular NFL team."

In addition to relying on *Dallas* on New Year's night, CBS is also hoping for good things from its telecast earlier in the day of the Alabama-Texas game in the Cotton Bowl in, yup, Dallas.

**THEY SAID IT**

• Ken Hayes, Oral Roberts' basketball coach, after his team trailed Oklahoma State by 13 at halftime, then lost 77–75: "We just dug ourselves into a 10-foot hole, then dug out nine feet, 11 inches."

• Tommy Lasorda, Dodger manager, asked what terms Mexican-born pitching sensation Fernando Valenzuela might settle for in his upcoming contract negotiations: "He wants Texas back." **END**

# AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



## New full-size Ford pickup, sticker priced below most '82 compacts!*

**Good news from Ford.** To help you cope with today's climbing costs, Ford introduces a new low-price/high-value model—the F-100-S. **Big pickup value.** Ford's new F-100-S is a full-size, full-capacity pickup. It has roomy comfort for three. Big 6½-ft. box. Modern high-technology V-6 engine.** Now with adjustable Twin I-Beam Suspension. Plus all the luxury features that make Ford America's best-selling pickup.†

**Small pickup price.** Manufacturer's suggested retail price of $5,945 is lower than most of the 1982 compacts.* Proudly an American-built. Quantities are limited.

**$5945**

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

Manufacturer's suggested retail price includes 4,650 lbs. GVWR 6¾-ft. Styleside box, 3.8L V-6 engine,** 3-speed transmission, 16.5 gal. fuel tank, painted front bumper. Title taxes and destination charges extra.

*3.8L V-6 not available in California. 4.9L I-6 standard in California.

**Based on R. L. Polk & Co. calendar-year registrations through August 1981.

†Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices of '82 models.

Adjustable Twin-I-Beam

New 3.8L V-6, a modern high-technology engine

Built Ford Tough

FORD

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73

Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 28, 1981–JANUARY 4, 1982



# What's New? New York, New York

For the first time ever, both the Jets and the Giants won berths in pro football's playoffs in the same season

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Saturday, Dec. 19, Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Weather—clear, winds 15 to 23 mph, temperature 25°, wind chill 5°.

The Dallas Cowboys are first out, prancing in their new blue uniforms, cringing a little as the cruel wind takes its first bite. The Danville (Pa.) High School Band strikes up the Russian song *Meadowlands*, and one of the strangest and most dramatic sports weekends in Greater New York history begins.

It is a weekend that will end 28 hours later when the Jets win a ball game to guarantee themselves a playoff spot and the Giants do the celebrating: when the Jets' 28–3 victory over the Green Bay Packers is punctuated by the loud popping of champagne corks, not in the Shea Stadium locker room but in the Giants' Press Box Lounge in the Meadowlands 20 miles to the west. Forty or so members of the Giants' squad, plus club officials, wives, children, friends and assorted ornaments had gathered to watch the Jets on TV and cheer them on. The Giants had beaten the Cowboys 13–10 in a vicious and at times inspirational game that ended with Ray Perkins, the coach, carrying Joe Danelo, the kicker whose field goal won it in *continued*

The Jets' defensive line, led by Klecko (73) and Lyons (93), sacked the Pack's Dickey nine times.

overtime, off the field on his shoulders. But they were only halfway home. The Jets had to knock the Packers out of the playoff picture for the Giants, or it would be no football for them for Christmas.

So now, arm in arm, the Jets and Giants come marching into the playoffs. When's the last time both the New York area teams were playoff-bound? Never. When's the last time both of them had a winning record in the same year? Never.

"We didn't help the Giants; the Giants helped the Giants," Jet Linebacker Greg Buttle said. "First they had to beat Dallas, and that isn't exactly easy."

The Giants started cranking up for the Dallas game early. When they trooped into their locker room the week before, after beating St. Louis 20–10, they found a message chalked on the blackboard: WHAT YOU'VE NEVER HAD AND CAN'T HAVE, YOU'LL NEVER MISS. BUT WHAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR GRASP AND SQUANDER, YOU'LL TRULY MISS!! SIGNED, A COUPLE OF VETERANS WHO'VE NEVER BEEN. The veterans who'd never been were defensive players, linebackers Brian Kelley and Brad Van Pelt. The defense had been carrying the Giants in the four games since they had lost Quarterback Phil Simms with a shoulder separation. Their offense was shaky, averaging 2½ turnovers and 15 points per game, but the defense gave up only 11 a game, and the Giants won three of the four to give them an 8–7 record and a shot at their first trip to the playoffs in 18 years.

Perkins wasn't worried about his defense against Dallas. As one Giant defender said, "When you hit the Cowboys early, and keep hitting them, they'll lose interest—particularly if it's a game they're not totally committed to." And what was there to get the Cowboys up for this one? What could Coach Tom Landry say to inspire them? O.K., fellas, let's win it so we can get the home-field advantage in the NFC championship game three weeks from now—if the 49ers lose to New Orleans, that is. Too complicated.

Last year the Giants beat Dallas on Nov. 9 with a wide-open offense that was good for 38 points and 462 yards, but this time Perkins was going to be more basic. He would start off with three wide receivers, one of them a flexed, or spread, tight end, he would run at the Cowboys from that. Spreading the tight end would get Cowboy Strong Safety Charlie Waters out wide, where he couldn't crack in and jam the running, for which he is noted. The pass patterns would be mostly quick stuff over the middle.

Perkins' game plan was perfect except for one thing. It didn't take into account missed field goals. Danelo blew three short ones in the first quarter, a line-drive 21-yarder that sailed wide, then a 32-yarder, which was called back when the Cowboys jumped offside, then the 27-yarder that followed. Coming in, Danelo had been 12 for 12 from 33 yards and in.

"I kind of lunged at the first one," said Danelo, whose 35-yarder in overtime made him the game's hero—sort of. "I thought, 'What am I doing out here? My son can kick a 21-yard field goal.' On the second one Too Tall Jones was in my face. I tried to tap the third one and it went wide. I was thinking, 'Lord, just give me a chance to redeem myself.' "

The Giants finally broke a scoreless tie in the third quarter on a 20-yard pass from Quarterback Scott Brunner to Tight

Kevin Long gained 57 yards and scored a first-quarter touchdown for a Jet ground game that pounded out 153 yards against Green Bay.





Excedrin headache No. 4: Danelo's first overtime try bounced off the right upright.

End Tom Mullady. The P.A. blared Willie Nelson's *Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys.* In the owners' box, President Wellington Mara groaned, "Don't make them mad!"

The Cowboys went up 10–7 in the fourth quarter. Then, with 2½ minutes to go, Dallas' Drew Pearson caught a 23-yard pass, out to the Cowboys' 45 for a Dallas first down, and after the play was over he held the ball high in the air. Giant Cornerback Terry Jackson knocked it out of his hand.

"An official came over to me and said, 'Don't you ever do that again!' " Jackson said. "Drew was showing us they had the game wrapped up. I was showing him we were still in it." On the next play Tony Dorsett fumbled. The Giants drove and Danelo kicked a 40-yarder into the wind with 25 seconds to play to send the game into overtime. Dorsett fumbled again in the extra period, and the Giants drove again, but Danelo missed a 33-yarder. The Cowboys had one more turnover left in them, though, a Danny White pass that was intercepted by rookie Linebacker Byron Hunt, and this time Danelo's kick was good.

"I was sitting in the stands, and I saw them carrying Joe off the field," said Lovey Young, the wife of the Giants' general manager, George Young. "Then I looked again and I said, 'I don't believe this; that's Ray Perkins carrying him off.' "

In the locker room the Giants were looking ahead. The Jets still had to do it for them. "I just hope their kicker, Pat Leahy, doesn't go through what I went through today," Danelo said. "God love you, Pat. Be strong."

That evening Jackson phoned Jet Halfback Bruce Harper in the Jets' hotel, the Holiday Inn in Westbury on Long Island. "He told me, 'If you can stop [Packer Quarterback] Lynn Dickey from throwing in rhythm, you'll stop their offense,' " Harper said. "I said, 'Tell the other guys. I play offense.' Then I said, 'If we beat them you owe me and my girl a steak dinner.' Or at least I meant to say that."

Sunday broke cold and clear, too; 26°, swirling, 15-mph Shea Stadium winds of the kind that have broken the most talented of NFL passers, a wind chill of -3°. The Packer offense was introduced. John Jefferson ran out and greeted his pass-catching teammate, James Lofton, with an acrobatic high-five. "We were in the tunnel waiting to be introduced," said the Jets' left cornerback, Jesse Johnson, a third-string safetyman who had gotten the starting spot when the first three cornermen went down with injuries. "I heard the crowd yell. I'd seen those Packer high-fives in the films. I was thinking, 'Not today, not here in Shea Stadium. No trophies for you today.' "

The Jet defense was introduced. Marty Lyons, the tackle, tried to high-five it and missed. So did Mark Gastineau, the end. They were falling all over each other. "I was afraid they'd hurt themselves," said Randy Rasmussen, the 15-year guard.

The game was over very quickly. The Jets got all the points they needed in the first 2½ minutes when a Packer punt was botched and the Jets took over on the Green Bay 11 and punched the ball in on three shots. The Packer offensive line, crippled by the loss of Left Guard Derrel Gofourth, lost Left Tackle Mark Koncar after the first series, and Dickey was left to the mercy of the Jets' front four, the feared New York Sack Exchange, which had already broken the club record for sacks. Dickey was dumped nine times and the Jets ended their season with 66 sacks, one under the league record. When Dickey was allowed to throw, he couldn't get his timing down with Jefferson and Lofton. The Jet coverage got on them early, knocked them out of their patterns, and Dickey's throws were nosing and diving in the wind. He threw eight passes to Jefferson, but completed only two, for 39 yards. Eleven went to Lofton; two were completed for 27 yards. Between them Jefferson and Lofton dropped five balls.

In the Lounge at Giants Stadium the atmosphere gradually loosened up as a Jet victory became more certain. "They had a buffet set up for us; the bar stayed open the whole time," Free Safety Beasley Reece said. "Kids were running around all over the place. Everyone was trying to play it loose, pretending to eat and not show too much concern, but I can assure you that all eyes were glued to that TV set. When [Jet Quarterback] Richard Todd got intercepted early you could feel a chill come over the room.

"Someone got a plate of food for me, but until the Jets went ahead *continued*



Danelo's winning overtime kick earned him a temporary raise from his boss, Perkins.

28–3, I couldn't tell if it was roast beef or cole slaw that I was eating. That's how tight I was."

The Jets' management had invited Young to be their guest at the game. He declined. "I felt my place was with our own group," he said. "We would all live or die together. I didn't begin to relax until the Jets were up 21–3 at the half. The Packers beat us twice. No one in our place takes them lightly. I was watching to see how much penetration the Jets' defensive line was getting. They were getting a lot on the inside. That was good. I knew Gofourth was out and that was going to hurt Green Bay. Then when Marty Lyons got an early sack I knew the Packers were going to have problems."

In his house in Upper Saddle River, N.J., Giant Punter Dave Jennings got a fire going and settled down in front of the TV set.

"I wanted to watch the game by myself," he said, "without getting all caught up in the excitement. I'm glad it wasn't thrilling. I wasn't ready for two in a row like that. You don't know how many years I've gone home and watched the first round of the playoffs on TV and been sick to my stomach. In the fourth quarter, when the game was in the bag for the Jets, I started balancing my checkbook. When it was over I let out a yell, a small one."

The hero of the Jets' locker room was All-Pro Defensive End Joe Klecko. He came out of the trainer's room on crutches, with his left ankle in a cast. He was asked whether he'd be ready for the wild-card playoff against Buffalo in Shea this week. "There's no way they'll keep me out of it," he said.

He'd gotten his ankle kicked on the first series, and he went into the clubhouse for X rays. They were negative. He thinks there was some ligament damage. "I'm not really sure," he said. "I was running around looking for different tape jobs until I got one that worked. There was no broken stuff, no torn stuff, so I went back out." He ended up with 2½ sacks, which gave him a Jet record 20½ for the season.

"We're a big, grown-up football team now," Klecko said.

The Jets had begun their season by losing three straight, and everyone was wondering who the next coach would be. Now Walt Michaels is coaching the first Jet playoff team since 1969. "They've got a damn good chance of going to the Super Bowl," Giant Center Jim Clack said. "Wouldn't it be funny if they found us there?"

"We live with each other's successes and failures," Reece said. "I guess after this weekend, we'll always be a part of each other." **END**

Cowboy ballcarriers like James Jones were stalled by giant New York traffic jams.



# Dr. Z Picks The Pick Of The Crop

Sooner or later the All-Pro pickers will get around to lining up their defense in a 3–4. So far no one has done it, but it would seem to be logical, because 17 of the 28 NFL teams now use the three-lineman, four-linebacker formation. After much soul-searching we decided to stick with the 4–3 because in passing situations four linemen replace the three of the 3–4, and practically everything is a passing situation these days.

Offensively the big problem this year was how do you sort out two running backs from that great mass of talent? In what is supposed to be the era of the pass, an unprecedented 15 rushers have gone over *1,000* yards. How come? The answer is that more individual runners are being showcased. One guy carries the ball 20 times, the second back is a blocker. He'll get a rushing attempt every now and then just to keep him interested, but the theory is that because a team runs the ball only 32 times a game, the best runner might as well carry most of the load. Last year seven runners had 250 or more carries. This year the number has almost doubled. Next year it'll be higher still.

We selected Billy Sims and Tony Dorsett because of their game-breaking ability, also their pass-catching skill, short or long. I can hear New Orleans Coach Bum Phillips now. "It's just a damn crime, leaving George Rogers off an All-Pro team." O.K., guilty as charged. The Saints' rookie led the league in rushing with 1,674 yards but he lacks the pass-receiving dimension. The Eagles' Wilbert Montgomery would be our fourth man, except I'm always watching him with one hand over my eyes, the way he throws that little body of his around. He's the Larry Brown of 1981; he plays too tough for his body. The Redskins' little halfback was all through by the time he was 28. Our All-Pro runners of 1980, Walter Payton and Earl Campbell, are both struggling with offenses that can't take the heat off them.

Ken Anderson is our quarterback, and just about everyone else's. He had the lowest interception rate in the NFL, operating in an offense that likes to throw the ball downfield. Little Alfred Jenkins, pro football's skinniest wide receiver, was chalk. He's the master of the circus catch on the deep sideline route.



Little Jenkins makes a lot of big plays.



MVP Klecko is not just an ordinary Joe.



Lawrence is Taylor-made for the Giants.

The second pick was a bit tougher—James Lofton over the Broncos' Steve Watson. Lofton had more catches, Watson more touchdowns. I broke it down, game by game, and rated them against each other. Lofton won, 9–6, going into the last weekend, and he finished much stronger down the stretch. His teammate John Jefferson is still the receiver every quarterback would like to throw to, but he just didn't have the numbers, thanks to his early sitout. San Francisco's Dwight Clark is the NFL's most underrated wide receiver.

Our tight end, Kellen Winslow, isn't really a tight end. He's a slotback in Don Coryell's complicated scheme. But with all those catches you've got to put him somewhere, and at least he looks like a tight end.

The Jets' Marvin Powell is *número uno* at tackle. Our second choice, Henry Lawrence, might raise some eyebrows, but the Raiders do most of their damage on the right side now, and he's the reason. The Bengals' Anthony Munoz is a very, very close third.

The Patriots' coaches had this to say about John Hannah's performance at left guard: Going into the 14th game of the season, he had participated in more than 800 plays and, according to their grading system, failed to perform his assignment fewer than 20 times. It was the best year Hannah has ever had. Our other guard, Doug Wilkerson, leads a line that has given up only 18 sacks, although the Chargers threw the most passes in NFL history. Runner-up is the 49ers' Randy Cross.

I was all set to pick the Jets' Joe Fields at center but then I took another, closer, look at Mike Webster and I saw him manhandling people, just flipping them around like a ranch hand bucking barley bags. Joe will have to wait another year.

Defensive End Joe Klecko is our Player of the Year. Plays the run, plays the pass, plays hurt. The defensive line is what turned the Jets around this year. (Klecko's mate on the other flank, Mark Gastineau, is a pure sacker who's still learning to play the run.) Too Tall Jones is an All-NFL repeater from last year. His work at forcing and jamming things doesn't show up on the tackle-and-assist sheets.

Doug English is the finest defensive tackle we've seen all year. Randy White is flashier, but less consistent. The runner-up, Bob Baumhower of the Dolphins, is the best of the 3–4 noseguards.

The gifted rookie Lawrence Taylor raised pure hell from his right-linebacker post. His blitzes (9½ sacks) forced the opposition to keep a tight end or running back on permanent guard duty. Why Mike Douglass didn't get selected for the Pro Bowl is a mystery. He's clever and fierce, an all-out performer who had 16 solo tackles against the 49ers. My next choice would be Minnesota's Matt Blair, then Denver's Bob Swenson, then Oakland's Rod Martin.

Jack Lambert is one of the last of a dying breed, a 4–3 middle linebacker who doesn't come out of the game in passing situations. And he's just as tough as ever against the run. The best inside linebacker in a 3–4 defense is Houston's Gregg Bingham. Like Lambert, he stays in the game on passing downs. Bingham hasn't been picked to anything since the 1973 all-rookie team but I haven't seen him have an off game this year.

Super rookie Ronnie Lott has achieved exalted cornerback status; people just don't test him anymore. Mark Haynes has done a complete *volte-face* from last season and now forces on runs and plays the pass with equal skill. I'm sorry to see that the Rams' Rod Perry didn't make the Pro Bowl. On straight coverage he's as good as any.

Gary Fencik and Nolan Cromwell are our safeties, on consistency. Our kicker, Jan Stenerud, wasn't a Pro Bowl choice, despite the fact that he set an alltime record for field-goal percentage (22–24), including four of five from 44 yards and longer. Hey, what does a guy have to do? Pat McInally is the pick over Detroit's Tom Skladany for punter, because Pat didn't have that nice indoor arena to kick in. In three games in enclosed stadiums this year he averaged 50.5 yards per punt.

Finally there's Roy Green. When he's on offense, as a deep passing threat, he makes things happen. Ditto as a defensive nickel back. When he got hurt in the Giant game two weeks ago, the Cardinal offense went poof. Somewhere there's got to be a place for this man on any All-Pro team. —PAUL ZIMMERMAN

## ZIMMERMAN'S ALL-PRO TEAM

**OFFENSE**

WIDE RECEIVERS—Alfred Jenkins, Atlanta, and James Lofton, Green Bay.
TIGHT END—Kellen Winslow, San Diego.
TACKLES—Marvin Powell, New York Jets, and Henry Lawrence, Oakland.
GUARDS—John Hannah, New England, and Doug Wilkerson, San Diego.
CENTER—Mike Webster, Pittsburgh.
QUARTERBACK—Ken Anderson, Cincinnati.
RUNNING BACKS—Tony Dorsett, Dallas, and Billy Sims, Detroit.

**DEFENSE**

ENDS—Joe Klecko, Jets, and Ed Jones, Dallas.
TACKLES—Doug English, Detroit, and Randy White, Dallas.
OUTSIDE LINEBACKERS—Mike Douglass, Green Bay, and Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants.
MIDDLE LINEBACKER—Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh.
CORNERBACKS—Mark Haynes, Giants, and Ronnie Lott, San Francisco.
STRONG SAFETY—Gary Fencik, Chicago.
FREE SAFETY—Nolan Cromwell, Los Angeles.

**OFFENSE-DEFENSE**

WIDE RECEIVER AND NICKEL BACK—Roy Green, St. Louis.

**SPECIAL TEAMS**

KICKER—Jan Stenerud, Green Bay.
PUNTER—Pat McInally, Cincinnati.

**COACH OF THE YEAR**

Bill Walsh, San Francisco.

**PLAYER OF THE YEAR**

Joe Klecko, Jets.

# From The Big House To The Big Time

The redemption of Dwight Braxton continued as he won the WBC light heavyweight title **by PAT PUTNAM**

Dwight Braxton, who squandered seven of his first 25 years behind prison walls, became the WBC light heavyweight champion last Saturday. His victory in Atlantic City will go down as a 10th-round technical knockout over heavily favored Matthew Saad Muhammad, but the squat ex-convict—he stands only 5′ 6½″—will cheerfully tell you that he won this fight on a judge's decision.

"There is one man here who I have got to thank," the 28-year-old Braxton said at the press conference after the fight, "because if it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here."

The man is Peter J. Coruzzi, a criminal court judge in Camden, N.J., Braxton's hometown. The champion and the judge had met nearly four years ago in court when Braxton, who had been convicted of assault and battery, came before Coruzzi. Braxton had been released from prison after serving 5½ years for armed robbery, and only recently had launched his boxing career in which he had a win, a loss and a draw. He had never fought as an amateur.

"I had him in for sentencing," Coruzzi recalled. "The preliminary probation report recommended one thing only: incarceration. As a second offense it meant at least 15 years. But his two managers begged me to give him another chance. I remember him standing in front of me, tears streaming down his cheeks, and you know how tough he is. I saw something in him. Fighters, judges, robbers, we're all human. Perhaps we should all take a deeper look at our fellow man."

Braxton received five years' probation.

The judge was standing in a casino at the Playboy Hotel, two floors below where Braxton had dismantled Saad Muhammad. "When he walked from my courtroom he never lost another fight, never stepped one inch out of line," Coruzzi said. "I'm so proud of him I could cry." And he did.

(Last month, Coruzzi proved he was human, too. He was indicted on bribery, conspiracy and misconduct charges. He has been suspended, has pleaded not guilty and is awaiting trial.)

On the afternoon before the title fight, Braxton lay on a bed in his hotel room. It was warm in the room but he was wearing heavy long underwear. "People never gave me a chance for anything," he said. "They forgot that I had been fighting all my life—in the street because I loved it, and in prison just to survive, to get respect. They count me out and then I just go out and do my job."

He had built his record to 15–1–1 with wins over South Africa's Theunis Kok, then undefeated, and Mike Rossman and James Scott. The WBC ranked him No. 5; he was offered $50,000 to fight Saad Muhammad. "The money is an insult," he said angrily. "I made the same fighting Scott. But I took it. I'm no Olympic hero. I was a guy in and out of reformatories. Then at 19 it was the state prison. I said to myself, 'My life is going by.' When I was 22, 23, I'd think about it and cry at night. But I'm not crying now. You don't make no marks until you become champion. Saad Muhammad is just another test. Saturday is just an extra five rounds. I don't enjoy beating up people, but I will do what I have to do."

This was Saad Muhammad's ninth title defense and he was getting $425,000. His next was expected to be a $1 million payday in a unification title fight with WBA champ Michael Spinks. Last week Saad Muhammad's people had picked up



To Saad Muhammad (right), Braxton was a "tough kid." He proved to be a buzz saw.

a $150,000 bonus from Don King in exchange for promotional rights to the champion's next defense, plus refusal rights on two more. No one wanted him to take Braxton lightly.

"I don't see any problem," the relaxed champion said on Friday in his hotel room. "He's a lot like Joe Frazier in style. I expect a lot of pressure. I have to adapt to his style. I'm just in there with a tough kid."

But Saad Muhammad did have a problem: weight. He was up and running the boardwalk early Saturday morning. At 6 a.m. a security guard let him into the room where the official weigh-in was scheduled to take place two hours later. He was six pounds over the limit of 175. At 8:20 he was down to 177. At 9:55, only five minutes before he would have had to make the weight or forfeit his title, he made it, at 174¼. Braxton had weighed in at 174¾ and had returned to bed.

"The official scale was way off," complained Sam Solomon, Saad Muhammad's 65-year-old trainer hours before the fight. "We had one in our room that was certified and sealed and he was O.K. on that one, and on the two scales in the hotel health center. But they wouldn't let us use any of those."

A notoriously slow starter, Saad Muhammad was told to come out firing his jab to keep Braxton at bay. Because of his height disadvantage—Saad Muhammad stands 5′ 11″—Braxton figured to work in close, hooking the body with both hands.

In the opening round Saad Muhammad threw 44 jabs, although very few found Braxton, who did little more than test-fire the howitzers that had stopped eight of his last 10 opponents.

Then Braxton uncoiled. He doesn't try to jab *at* people, but *through* them, as though aiming for the back of the head or the spine. He delivers the jab like a battering ram, a savage jolt to the chest or a head-snapping bolt to the chin. Midway through the second round he hurt the champion with a heavy right to the head, and then rocked him again with a right uppercut near the end of the round. Another right hand riding behind a snapping jab hurt Saad Muhammad in the third. At the bell Braxton was busily working over the champion's head and body.

A savage jab had blood pouring from the champion's nose in the fourth, and he was rocked twice by right hands. By now Saad Muhammad had all but shelved his jab, which was proving useless against Braxton's well-planned assault. The champion had expected a heavy body attack; instead he was being torn apart by the jab and by right-hand rockets to the head. Saad Muhammad switched to heavier guns: He tried to load up for an overhand right, and he dropped his left as he looked for an opening for the uppercut. All he accomplished was to leave himself open for even more right hands.

The pattern didn't change. Braxton rocked the champion in the sixth with a stunning counter-hook and wobbled him in the eighth with an overhand right that sent blood splattering two rows out. At the end of the eighth, Braxton peered at Saad Muhammad as though wondering what was keeping him erect.

His teeth bared, Braxton began the ninth by digging both hands to the champion's body; then he sent him reeling back into the ropes with a hook to the head. Moving in swiftly, the chunky challenger fired 27 punches without answer—although more than half missed—before Saad Muhammad could slip away.

The champion fought the 10th round as though he knew it would be his last. Battered early, in desperation he tried to fend off Braxton with a volley of weak jabs, only to be stung by a double jab. Digging deep within himself, Saad Muhammad found the strength for one more assault.

Braxton met him head on—both men firing as fast as they could reload, no quarter asked or given. Then a Braxton hook grazed the spent champion's chin, sending him stumbling backward until he sat down. Up quickly, Saad Muhammad took the mandatory eight count from referee Arthur Mercante, who permitted the fight to go just four punches more before stopping it. Adolfo Ritacco, one of the champion's cornermen, came leaping into the ring to signal surrender at about the same time. There were six seconds left in the round.

The scoring accurately reflected the fight. Judges Charles Spina and Tony Castellano had Braxton ahead in rounds 7–1 with one even. Judge Eva Shain had it 8–2.

Saad Muhammad was examined at a hospital and no serious damage was found. And the new champ introduced his favorite judge at the press conference. On this evening there was no doubt that justice had been served. **END**



**Moments before the bout ended, a Braxton hook knocked the champ down in the 10th.**



# She Won, But Is She No.1?

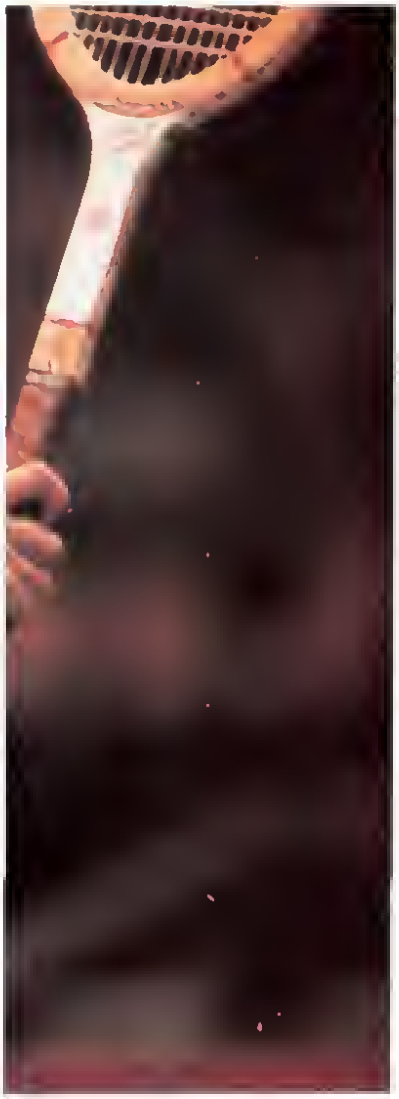
Tracy Austin was indeed driven as she won the Toyota Championships to stake her claim to the top spot in women's tennis **by FRANK DEFORD**

As the old rhyme goes, "Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,/Please to put a penny in the old man's hat./If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do. . . ." It was that sort of year in the battle for supremacy in women's tennis: A ha'penny was the best anybody could do. Consequently, when the Toyota Championships were held last week on a holiday court of green fringed with poinsettia-red banners, three of the sport's elite were still in the hunt. For the first time, it was quite possible that No. 1 for the year would be decided by a tournament winding up Christmas week.

The victor, it developed, was Tracy Austin, who beat Martina Navratilova in a three-set final, much as she had come back against the same opponent to win the U.S. Open. Austin had cruised to victory in the semis over the third claimant to No. 1, Chris Evert Lloyd, but earlier in the week, in the best match of the tournament, Austin had lost to Evert Lloyd. Austin lived to win another day because the Toyota is one of those tournaments for which only eight players qualify, and there has to be a way to keep everybody around for the weekend gate.

It was an appropriate note on which to end a year of confusion. The winner wasn't even sure where she had won, which was the new Brendan Byrne Meadowlands Arena, a beautiful $85 million edifice that has risen alongside a racetrack and a stadium in the New Jersey marshes across the Hudson River from Manhattan, the three athletic monuments looming up like the Pyramids. But in her bread-and-butter victory speech Austin said, "New York seems to be my city, I guess." As the catcalls rained down, one especially loud local voice bellowed, "This is Joisey, you dummy."

In any event, a few days earlier, as the tournament opened before sparse crowds, an argument could have been made for all three pretenders to No. 1, but



just as easily against: Scissors cut paper, paper wraps rock, rock breaks scissors. Coming into the Meadowlands, these were the *curricula vitae*:

Evert Lloyd—Best winning percentage (.929) and tournament victory record (eight for 13). Won Wimbledon. Tough draws all year and never failed to reach semis in any event. *But* choosier schedule (28 fewer matches than Navratilova) and nothing special since the Fortnight.

Navratilova—Most wins (86 of 99 matches), record prize money (more than $800,000). Quarters French, semis Wimbledon, finals U.S. Open, won Australia, a nice progression up as the year wore on. In March won Avon Championships, culmination of the winter indoor tour. Also to be considered in a tight race: lead player on world's best doubles team. *But* didn't win either Wimbledon or U.S. Open and failed to win 50% of tournaments. Also, two bad losses, to Claudia Kohde (ranked 67th at the time), and Betsy Nagelsen (33). In women's tennis, a bad loss means losing to a lesser light. Navratilova lost love and love on clay to Evert Lloyd this year, but even that double bagel isn't considered a bad loss; it's just a day's beating from one of your own kind.

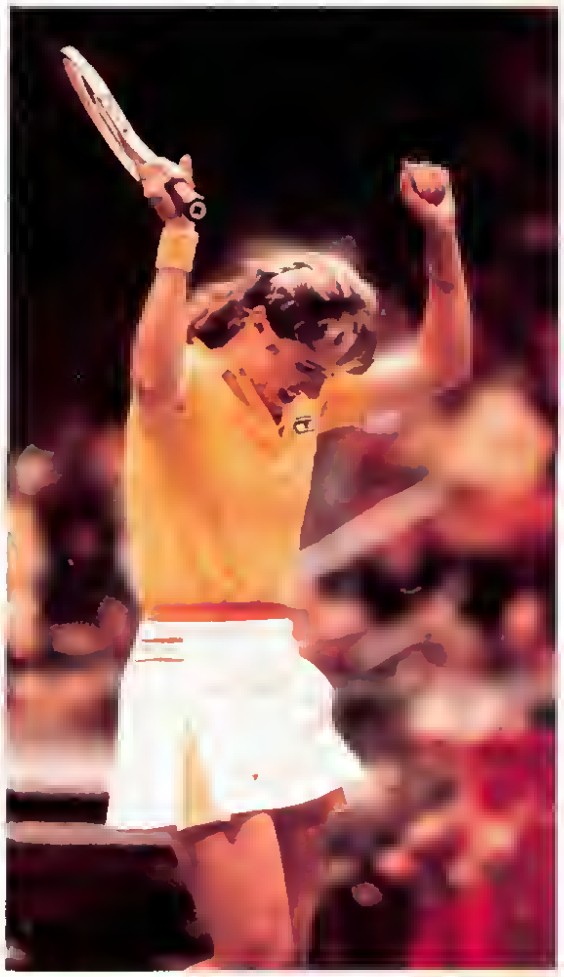
Austin—Head-to-head edge over both Evert Lloyd (1–0) and Navratilova (3–2). Won U.S. Open. Also won Canadian Open against class field, beating Navratilova in semis and Evert Lloyd in finals. *But* out first third of year with sciatica, so missed French. Only quarters at Wimbledon and Australia, losing to Pam Shriver both places. Two bad losses, to Sandy Collins (29) and Sue Barker (15).

Evert Lloyd was clearly the leader. In Australia earlier this month she beat Navratilova in a prelim tournament and then lost to her 7–5 in the third set in the finals of the Open. In New Jersey she wasn't so much a loser as the victim of a bungled draw and a greedy double-elimination format that prevailed up to the semifinals.

Tennis promoters love round robins and double eliminations for the same reason NBA owners love playoffs: Drawing cards can't be rubbed out early. But such arrangements are a bastard form of the sport and invariably create distortions or fraud. Besides, the very heart of tennis competition is knockout: Losers leave. The indomitable Evert Lloyd has played many roles in her career, and even though Austin won the tournament, perhaps the fate of the martyred Mrs. Lloyd will finally cause this hideous format to be deep-sixed.

Here is how they burned her at the stake. First, although she was seeded second, Chris was obliged to face the fifth seed in her opening match. It has been worse, of course. As the top seed at both the Canadian and U.S. Opens this year, Evert Lloyd had to play fifth-seeded Hana Mandlikova in the quarters of both tournaments. That's a travesty. The first seed should draw No. 8 in the quarters, second seed No. 7, and so on. That's why you seed. To seed someone first or second and then give her the draw the third or fourth seed deserves is, to rework Lincoln some, like calling a tail a leg and thereby claiming that a dog has five legs.

Anyway, onward with Evert Lloyd. It was even more bad luck for her that Shriver, though seeded fifth, was, as everybody recognized, the fourth-best player in the field. Andrea Jaeger, the high school drop-in, seeded fourth, is never at her best in major tournaments, suffering a slight touch of Lendl's disease at these



Tracy beat Martina in a U.S. Open replay.

times. But at the Meadowlands she was also a shadow of her old young self. Andrea is an adorable little sprite, but she is drained. In May she jetted to Tokyo for a doubles tournament, and she took a full month off from 11th grade to play in Australia. Down Under the press excoriated her for the unbecoming petulance she is developing, and in New Jersey all the joy was missing from her labors, even when she tromped Hana Mandlikova in an opening-round match.

*continued*



Little got by Navratilova—until Sunday.

It's hard to believe that, only a few months ago, Mandlikova, the French champion, was the leading candidate for Player of the Year. Is she still bothered by her back injury but refusing to alibi? Or, as she maintains, is she whole of body again but still thinking of her back? Whatever, on this marvelous athletic package, suddenly much postage is due.

By contrast, Shriver has never been *better. Only 19, she has grown up to be*come a positively stunning woman—nearly everybody's favorite, if not for her looks then for her animation. The curly-haired Shriver is rather what we can imagine Little Orphan Annie would have become if she had been given pupils and legs. Shriver pounds the stuffing out of her serve and occasionally even negotiates a ground stroke or two.

She won her first set ever from Evert Lloyd in a first-round match and carried her to a tiebreaker, too, before falling nobly, 3–6, 7–6, 6–3. That cleared the path for Evert Lloyd's Thursday-night match with Austin. If anyone ever had any doubts about Chris's determination, she erased them when she met the press after beating Shriver. "Chris," said the gentleman from *The Times*, "you had nine set points in the second. Have you ever given up that many set points before?"

If looks could kill. Chris stared at him before slowly uttering, "You should know I don't ever *give up* points."

"Squandered?" he ventured. Yes, she admitted, that might be a record.

Austin had uncharacteristically squandered some opportunities of her own in Australia, but against Evert Lloyd on Thursday she was never more stalwart than in the seventh game of the first set, when she held serve in a titanic struggle that lasted 26 points. At least 500 shots were struck in this game, 49 in one rally alone. The seventh game of a set is always said to be pivotal, and indeed it seemed to be so here. Austin won the first set 6–4 *and took a 4–2 lead in the second after* hitting her first volley of the evening.

When facing Austin, Evert Lloyd may be seeing a portrait of herself as a young woman, but theirs is never any simple looking-glass war. Tracy hits hard, harder, hardest. As her coach, Marty Riessen, acknowledges, she never really plays *against* anybody. "Tracy's got to learn that she can do better adjusting some against different opponents," he says.

Evert Lloyd herself knows that she must vary the menu against Austin, change speeds and dink, even attempt some low-percentage shots in the same way that a pitcher wastes a few. Let Austin dig in behind the baseline and she'll win any war of attrition. What's so emotionally wearing about making her chase shots is that Austin is far quicker and a better retriever than she is given credit for being.

*On Thursday, though, Evert Lloyd's* more intelligent presentation eventually began to tell. It wasn't easy to see—it was like watching soil erosion, for God's sake—but there it was: Chris coming to net a little more than she had in the early stages of the match, hitting a few more shots Tracy couldn't reach and, perhaps of greater importance, a few more that forced her to hit off the wrong foot. Four straight games for Evert Lloyd and, after two hours, a 4–6, 6–4 dead heat.

Then Evert Lloyd moves ahead. She has two match points at 5–3. Austin saves. Chris serves for the match at 5–4, but Tracy breaks and then holds for 6–5. The match has now passed the three-hour mark. None of their matches has lasted so long. Austin goes up love-30. Chris comes back, winning four straight points. And now the tiebreaker. Evert Lloyd wins another four straight points. Surely it's over. No. Austin wins four points in a row. It has been three hours, 15 minutes: 4–6, 6–4, 6–6 (4–4).

And you know what happened then? Austin double-faulted. Really. For the first time in the match. That was the whole difference. You never know how you look till you get your picture took. Eighteen minutes into the fourth hour of the match Evert Lloyd won the tiebreaker, 7–5.

"I thought I was going to hyperventilate just watching them," Shriver said. "God knows how they were doing it."

"It was the most grueling match I ever played," said Evert Lloyd. "I had aches *in places I never had before." But with a* 2–0 record she earned a pass (as did Navratilova) into the semis. At 1–1, Austin was required to meet Mima Jausovec on Friday night before Shriver and Jaeger, the other 1–1ers, faced off. For much of the match Tracy looked like a boxer—Duran? Frazier?—who can never be the same again after one punishing bout. Austin had a blood blister on her hand and "rug" burns on her feet. Jausovec, who had never so much as taken a set from her, won the first one 6–1. Tracy finally escaped 1–6, 6–4, 6–4, but she needed two and a half hours.

Afterward came the main event of the evening. Shriver, who beat Jaeger 6–3, 6–2, flipped a coin. Heads, Evert Lloyd would get Shriver in the semis; tails, Chris would face Austin. Isn't that a great way to run a championship?

Tails. One simply had to see the reac*tions of the two principals to know that it* was quite unnecessary to go through the motions of playing the damn thing. Austin was so thrilled about the possibility of revenge that she couldn't bear to watch the flip and sent Riessen in her place. Chris got the word back at her hotel. Dennis Ralston, her coach, came round to see her later. "What do you think?" she said glumly. He didn't even have to ask her whom she would play.

If you needed to know any more, Evert Lloyd wore black for the match. She vir-

tually stood still, and her mind seemed to be elsewhere as Austin blasted winners all over the place. Evert Lloyd held serve once. She lost nine straight games and 14 consecutive points. Final score: 6–1, 6–2.

Well, her husband's in Australia and that affects her, people said. It wouldn't have made any difference if her husband had been the net-cord judge. "Every tense match you have drains you a little more," Evert Lloyd said. "I didn't have as much of me tonight as Tracy did of herself." Tracy said that was interesting, that she'd always heard that playing more gives you experience. Austin doesn't give an inch.

As Navratilova, who defeated Shriver 6–4, 7–6 in the other semi, would find out again. In the U.S. Open she ran Tracy off the court in the first set, 6–1, and then lost two tiebreakers. This time the turnaround was even more devastating. Navratilova won eight straight games to win the first set 6–2 and go up a break in the second. Then Austin assumed total command and finished her off four and two.

It was like two separate matches. In the beginning Navratilova was brilliant, staying back, trading ground strokes with the nonpareil of ground strokes—but undercutting almost everything, never providing Austin with the pace she favors. When Martina ventured up, it was almost always to clip off easy volleys or smashes. Typical of her superb play was the shot with which she broke to go ahead 2–0 in the second. Navratilova stepped up and sharply angled a forehand cross-court that Austin could only wave at. As Martina prepared to serve for 3–0, 1981 belonged to her.

We didn't know it then, but five points later the jig would be up. Austin broke at 15 with a backhand drive down the line, and the set was back on serve. "I started to play my own game," Austin said later, "and stopped worrying about what she was doing. I started hitting harder."

Still, as Martina ruefully admitted, she continued to play it safe, never pressuring Austin. Tracy moved into command and then in for the kill. By the end, roles had become so reversed that it was Austin who was boldly knocking off volleys. It was the most complete, all-court Austin we have ever seen.

Navratilova cried when it was over. So close. The last four times she and Austin have gone three sets, Tracy has won. And as Austin improves, who will be there to challenge her in the year ahead? But that is 1982. The jury must now rule on 1981.

Tennis has no one omniscient ranking authority, but major opinions will be offered by a board of the International Tennis Federation, by the London *Daily Telegraph* and by *World Tennis* magazine. (The latter's competitor, *Tennis* magazine, for some reason closed out its rankings in early December.) The choice now is obviously down to Evert Lloyd and Austin. And by a hairsbreadth, on the basis of a full year's consistency and a 7–5 third-set tiebreaker in the most grueling match she has ever played, this year's shiniest ha'penny must be Mrs. Christine Marie Evert Lloyd. **END**



Evert Lloyd beat Austin, but not when it counted most.

When Shriver is on her game, as she was in New Jersey, she swoops down on the net behind penetrating, high-kicking serves.



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# There's only one way



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health


to play it...
KOOL
Filter Kings
Wherever the music is hot,
the taste is Kool. Because there's
only one sensation this refreshing.
15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

by Frank Deford

NO SLAM DUNKS ALLOWED says the sign on the far wall of the gym, past where some boys are going three-on-three, over near the speed bags, which, Ollie Dunlap relates, are those upon which Sugar Ray Leonard learned to punch. Because gyms tend to look the same—institutional beige with too many colored lines on the floor—it's easy to envision the cute little boy reaching up and rattling the bags, a-*pockety, pockety, pockety*. . . .

He was too small for basketball and interested mostly in wrestling and gymnastics when he first came to the gym at the Palmer Park (Md.) Recreation Center in his old neighborhood. There were boxers in the Leonard family—Ray's grandfather, Bidge, was even something of a legend back in Carolina for hard punching and hard drinking—but the kid certainly wasn't a roughneck. It wasn't in his blood, or even in his eyes then. "Ray only had one street fight, which is odd—no, rare—for this community," Dunlap says.

Dunlap manages the Center, which is almost surely the sort of thing Ray would be doing today, at age 25, if he hadn't become Sugar Ray, the undisputed welterweight champion of the world. He would be working with kids. Growing up, that's what he had in mind. But, nice as he was, doll that he looked, he

*continued*




Ray Leonard was the hit of '81, beating Ayub Kalule and then Thomas Hearns (right) to win a pair of titles

# ONE LIFE FULFILLED



could punch and move; he was quick every way except to quail.

And so it is that he isn't working with kids in Palmer Park; instead, across the street from where he learned his trade, an old drugstore is being gutted to become the Sugar Ray Leonard Boxing Center; Leonard will equip the place himself. It was only five years ago that his girl friend, Juanita Wilkinson, applied for welfare to support their son. Now Sugar Ray boasts he is the biggest taxpayer in Maryland. Many overwhelming things have happened very fast.



Juanita, Sugar Ray and Little Ray make beautiful music in their Maryland mansion.

They've happened so fast that people still think of Leonard as being cute. But he's not, not anymore. Oh, as ever, he's cut fine and dandy; he's a charmer and always will be. And no man has yet left a mark on Leonard's handsome countenance—just the little slash over his left eyebrow, from running into a door in elementary school. There are the tiny ears that even Juanita—who is his wife now—kids him about, and the glowing smile and the saucer eyes, but his hairline has receded to the point that he now mumbles about a transplant. Upon his lustrous visage there are the first indications of adulthood—nothing so conspicuous as lines upon his smooth skin, but there is the first cast, the drift, of the grown-up. A little cynicism here, a little distance there; memories around the eyes.

One notices it most when he winks. What a wink this man has. Top of the line. World class. All famous people need something quick to get by on in public; Leonard, for example, calls everybody "Pal," and that works well enough. But when really pressed, he winks, at once fondly and conspiratorially—*we're in this together, Pal*, it says—and the winkee melts. But the difference is this: Once upon a time, when Sugar Ray winked it was as if it were part of his smile. But now, when he is through winking, the grin must be reset. This is what happens when a baby face grows up.

Or, in Leonard's case, catches up. The rest of him has always been so far ahead. This is what has deceived so many opponents. Even as Leonard tagged the other guy on the button and his seat hit the canvas, the guy was still telling himself: This pretty little chipmunk can't be for real. Only the people who have known him well have understood how rugged and resolute he truly is. "One time Ray came to see me, and he didn't have a car, and he was very upset about that," Juanita says. It happens that Leonard is driving his Mercedes as his wife recounts this episode, and he listens very intently as Juanita goes on: "And he told me, 'Sometime we're not going to have to depend on anybody, for transportation or anything. They're going to depend on us.' Remember that, Ray?"

He raps his fingers against the steering wheel and smiles. "There's an old saying," Dunlap is saying in the gym, and he recites it. It's wonderfully apt, too; strange that it isn't well known. "Probably only comes from this side of the street," Dunlap says, laughing. "Probably just this side. It goes: 'When do you become a man? When a man's needed.' " He shakes his head. "You see, Ray's been a man a long time. The kid's shoulders became this wide when they had to."

When he was 16—lying, he said he was the requisite 17—Leonard nearly qualified for the '72 Olympics. The boxer who beat him—the boxer who was awarded the decision—in the Trials was never the same again. Once, in Moscow in '74, during a tour by the U.S. national team, the judges gave the home boy the decision and a trophy. Then, without ado, the Russian marched across the ring and handed the award to Leonard. And you wonder why Duran quit.

Last September Thomas Hearns nailed Leonard in the third round of their welterweight title fight and stood for an instant, expecting him to crumble as all other men had. Instead, Leonard came right back with a left and drove Hearns against the ropes. "Where Ray really destroys a lot of guys first is mentally," says Janks Morton, Leonard's closest adviser. "He gave Hearns something, sure, but, you see, he had already taken something away from him, too." Jimmy Jacobs, Wilfred Benitez's manager, says, "Leonard is like a beautiful woman. You never know what he's concealing."

It was Benitez whom Leonard defeated to become the WBC welterweight champion. That was on Nov. 30, 1979, barely two years ago. In 22 months Leonard fought Benitez, Roberto Duran twice, Ayub Kalule, Hearns, champions all, a combined 177–1–1 record going in against him. Hearns and Kalule had never been knocked down. Leonard knocked them down. Hearns, the WBA welterweight champion, and Kalule, the WBA junior middleweight champ, were unbeaten. Leonard knocked out Kalule in the ninth round in Houston on June 25, 1981 and stopped Hearns in the 14th round in Las Vegas on Sept. 16, 1981. Did any boxer ever have five fights against such diverse and accomplished opponents in such a short period? Damn few.

And, in the end, this 22-month test comes down to the 13th round against Hearns. Leonard has to knock him out to win. Angelo Dundee, Leonard's trainer, is leaning into his ear, nearly shouting, but Leonard is looking, as if transfixed, at Hearns. "I heard every word Angelo said, but—watch the tapes—you won't see me

respond," Leonard says, "because I already knew myself what I had to do."

So he stares. And the bell rings, and he storms out after Hearns, and here is Leonard, at the height of his powers. For all his glamour, all his achievement, there was always a certain hand-me-down quality to Leonard: christened for a singer, Ray Charles, with an old champion's surname, Benny Leonard. Nicknamed for another boxer. (Pound for pound . . .) The poor man's Bruce Jenner. A pocket-sized Ali. Even as champion he was still so insecure that he fought Duran's fight the first time. But now in one of the most ballyhooed bouts of all time, needing to knock out a man never knocked out, needing to penetrate the defenses of a good man, a taller man, who has only to stick out a long left and keep away, now it must be Ray Leonard himself. And there can be no measure of cuteness, in any of its forms.

He catches Hearns. He knocks him through the ropes. But Hearns holds on. So when the bell rings for the 14th, Leonard springs toward Hearns, and there's no way this giant can escape this terrier in the tasseled shoes. When the big right crashes home, there is an inevitability to it, not only to what has taken place in the neon desert this hot night, but to all that has come before, dating back to the speed bags in Palmer Park and even before.

"History," Leonard says. "That's what drives me now. I don't want to be just another champion. The Hearns fight put me in Guinness—greatest purse. But I want to be there for my talent, for class."

As soon as Leonard pastes Hearns up against the ropes, even as his head rolls to keep up with his eyes, Leonard raises his arms, extends them in the victory salute. He has slugged enough men to know when it is over. Even before he brings his arms back down he is calling to the referee through his mouthpiece, "Come on, Davey, come on." End it, TKO. But the referee, Davey Pearl, hesitates, and Leonard must go on. Still, even as he measures Hearns, there's his right hand moving out to the side, not cocking for a punch, but gesticulating, like a man signaling for a waiter, beckoning the third man to come in, please, *now*, and stop him from doing what he must otherwise do. What's the point of fighting any more? The point is to win, not to damage. It irritates Leonard when outsiders suggest that Duran robbed him of true victory by quitting in their second fight. What greater victory could there be than to turn the dauntless Duran into a Scaramouch, to make the unquittable quit? And now he has the unbeatable Hearns out on his feet, and what will it serve to continue the pounding?

"I love my sport. I want to do it only from the heart," Leonard says. "I want to make it as much of an art as I can. And the challenge! Everything in my life led up to Hearns. I knew what I could do. For me, it was a show. Now I had reached my prime. My strength, intelligence, maturity and experience. Hearns was like the last chapter in a book." Before we close that volume, then, there upon the endpaper is a good place to inscribe: RAY LEONARD, SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR, 1981. "Now I can start another book of my life."

*GREATEST AMERICAN PEOPLE*

*"Sugar ray Leonard*
*One of Americas*
*Greatest People*
*Becaues he is a*
*good*
*Boxer and he is a*
*good*
*Father and a good*
*Husband*
*But most of All he*
*is*
*my best Friend*
*I love him Becaues*
*he is good and*
*kind to People*
*But mostly to kids*
*he is a great American*
*person in my book."*

Ray Leonard Jr. wrote this encomium for his father a few weeks ago. He was eight last month, and now he, too, is a celebrity in his own right. When Ray and Little Ray—nobody who knows Sugar Ray ever calls him Sugar and nobody ever calls Ray Jr anything but Little Ray—were in Los Angeles recently, filming a commercial for The Champ, a new Keds' children's shoe, a first-grade field trip came strolling along.

The Leonards were filming out by a reservoir in Franklin Canyon, and the kids, all black, had been brought there to see squirrels and birds, big trees, maybe a deer, what have you in the nature line. And here they were, walking through the wildlife, certified flora and fauna, and there before them, big as day, sitting by the side of the road, was Sugar Ray Leonard, star of 7-Up commercials.

"Hey, I seen your picture," said one little boy.

"Now you can see him live," a teacher explained, helpfully. That's what field trips are for.



The endorsements biz is booming for those two media heavyweights, Ray and Ray Jr.

"Will you take me home with you?" a pretty girl asked.

"Where's your little boy?" another kid piped up. So, to greet his fans, Little Ray was summoned from the VIP trailer.

Little Ray isn't merely an adorable little boy. He has symbolic qualities that Leonard and his advisers are not unaware of. The image of the typical black family as a matriarchy is dented every time that Ray and Little Ray appear together, especially because, like the majority of black children in America, Little Ray was born out of wedlock. Juanita

*continued*

and Ray were 16 and 17 then, and their relationship was very much like a struggling young marriage, especially as he had to devote so much time to training. "She'd bring the check home and give me half," he says. "I'd go to a party, and she'd be so tired she'd have to stay home and go to bed." He's laughing now, teasing her, and closes out with a wink. "God, I wish it could still be that way."

But Juanita can hold her own. She's very much a part of what her husband has accomplished. "At first, I hated it all," she says, "but it wasn't ever hard for me to support him because I loved him and knew how much boxing meant to him." Ray promised Juanita, as he did his mother, that the Olympic ring in Montreal would be the last one he would ever enter, and when he climbed into it, he carried Juanita's picture in his shoe.

Leonard was no better than the second most famous American athlete to come out of Montreal. Jenner had a pretty woman, his wife, Chrystie, who had helped support him while he was training, too, and he was every bit as handsome and smooth as Leonard. And he was white, of course. Jenner won the Sullivan Award for being the nation's top amateur athlete that year. Blacks haven't won the Sullivan in 20 years—they're not thought of as *amateurs*. And Jenner retired and got all the endorsements.

Leonard assumed he also could trade on his Olympic fame. His plan was to sign a few commercial contracts and pick up enough change to get through the University of Maryland; he would be the first college man in his family. But right after the Olympics, to qualify for welfare, Juanita had to formally identify Little Ray's father, and even though Ray had, all along, proudly told the world of his son and lover back in Maryland, there was a big stink. All of a sudden, he was just another black kid with a "paternity suit." There were no endorsements.

Not long ago, Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney, who's white, got a call from an agent, asking if Leonard would film a commercial for a product that Jenner also represented. "Sure," Trainer said. "For what Jenner gets."

"We couldn't give you that much."

"Why?"

"Well, you know. . . ."

"Listen," Trainer said, "I'm giving you a break. This is nothing against Jenner, but what's he done since the Olympics but eat cereal? My guy has become champion of the world. Now, why?"

And Trainer concluded the conversation because he did know why.

Understanding this, it's easier to appreciate why Leonard, a black boxer—the most cruelly stereotyped athlete of all—so concerns himself with image and all that folderol that raises mere world champions to a truly exalted place, to the spot on the sofa next to Johnny Carson.

Unquestionably, Leonard is now the strongest of modern alloys, this blend of hero and celebrity. In a recent poll of eighth-graders taken by *The World Almanac*, asking them whom they admire most, Leonard was, at No. 9, the top-rated athlete. (Magic Johnson was next, a distant 22nd.) The young voters chose no world leaders, clergymen, educators, artists or businessmen, only entertainers—Burt Reynolds first; Brooke Shields top female. Leonard ranked between George Burns and Steve Martin. Whatever this says about eighth-graders, Sugar Ray surely arrived.

Jealousy may, in fact, now be the most serious problem he must contend with. There is, for example, an element in the black population that disapproves of Leonard. Juanita mimics these people: "He forgot where he came from, he forgot his people." This is hardly an original charge; black athletes who abandon their modest—or worse—childhood environs are often similarly accused. The deeper into the ghettos one went, it was said, the more sentiment there was for Hearns.

Not long ago Leonard was honored in Palmer Park, a six-block-square development just over the line from the District of Columbia. The Leonards had moved to Washington from Wilmington, N.C.,

Leonard was merely the second-most famous American to emerge from the 1976 Olympics



where Ray was born in 1956, and then went out to Palmer Park when he was 10. Palmer Park was still mostly white at that time, but it is now virtually all black.

The place is so small that just about everybody knew Ray Leonard; just about everybody knew everybody. And when Leonard was honored there, Dunlap told the crowd, "Now, you've got to remember, Ray doesn't belong to us anymore. He belongs to the world now."

Some of the ghetto suspicion of Leonard is fueled because he is so popular among whites. "Listen, if I knew why whites accepted me," he says, "I'd bottle it." Obviously, much of the reason for his popularity among whites and, for that matter, most blacks is simply that he's attractive and genial, with good looks and a warm demeanor that help him transcend his singularly savage sport. Much of Leonard's following comes from constituencies that otherwise have nothing to do with boxing.

"Remember that old lady on the plane the other day?" Leonard said recently, shaking his head in wonder. "Why, she said my breath was like baby's milk." Your breath? "Yeah, my breath."

However, while acknowledging Leonard's inherent appeal, Trainer also takes the devil's view. "Ray is so appealing," he says, "that even people with the deepest racist tendencies like him: See, I'm not a racist. I like one."

Such theories notwithstanding, Leonard has gained a nearly unanimous affection that not even Ali could claim. For many years it was said that Ali was the best-known human being in the world, a degree of recognition Leonard may never attain. But in parts of the world—and, most particularly, right at home—Ali wasn't as popular as he was a subject of contention. By contrast, Leonard's detractors are mostly being picayune. That he has arrived on this pedestal as anything less than a heavyweight (A welterweight! What the hell is a welterweight?) is all the more tribute to him.

It certainly has helped that even if he's not really a "media creature"—it was, after all, a gold medal he won in Montreal, not an Emmy—he's so very much at home on television. Leonard earned money as a TV boxing color commentator before he did as a boxer. He feeds off the spectacle of sport, uses it to his advantage precisely as that other superb young individual-sport athlete of 1981, John McEnroe, is undone by it.



Kalule had never been floored before Leonard moved up and put him down last June

"When I fight," Leonard says, "my eyes are twice as big. And I'm aware of everything around me. I notice the crowd. I watch the press watching me, the photographers clicking their cameras. I can see my friends in the seats. It's all part of the fight." It's all part of the show biz. "You see, I don't consider myself a fighter," he says. "I'm a personality." Leonard has just ordered $1,200 worth of monogrammed—SRL—hand towels that he plans to give out as mementos to training camp visitors when he trains for his next fight, against Bruce Finch on Feb. 15. Leonard got this inspiration from Elvis Presley, who gave out handkerchiefs to hysterical admirers. Also: "It's tax deductible," Leonard explains.

Of course, the Fight Mob comprehends little of this. The Fight Mob of the Fight Game: last of the mobs; everything else today is lobbies and pressure groups. But the Fight Mob hangs on, a squadron of buttonhole salesmen, peddling bruised flesh. Because Leonard has always been independent of the Mob, he has managed to irritate it when he didn't actually, as Trainer says, "threaten it."

Under the guidance of Morton—"a teacher of life," Leonard calls him—Leonard's training regimen is unorthodox. He spars less, watches film in the Talmudic manner of some assistant football coach—100 hours of Hearns—and generally diverges from accepted prefight routines. Meanwhile, Trainer, a side-street suburban lawyer, chain-smoking and elfin-faced—*he's really the cute* one in the bunch—has effectively rewritten the liturgy of boxing promotion.

From the day Leonard opened as a pro in February of 1977—President Carter was extended a personal invitation; the *city* of Baltimore promoted the event—he has done things his way. "He's always been treated as a superstar by those of us around him," Trainer says. "Oh sure, now there may be stretch limos instead of cabs, but he was never a lead-in or a walk-out fight. *Ray Leonard was never underneath.* We turned down commercials for products we didn't like and interviews in girlie magazines. And at a time when we couldn't really afford to."

They did humor the Mob as best they could. It's gospel in those grubby precincts that one is supposed to *bring a prospect along slowly*, and so even though Morton didn't believe that Leonard needed a succession of palookas, they made what Leonard calls "a campaign" of it, picking opponents to *fill* out a graduate curriculum—a southpaw here, a counterpuncher there—while playing network matinees and working the house. Leonard did exhibitions at schools, addressed father-son breakfasts, ran in community road races, kissed old ladies. *I don't consider myself a fighter. I'm a personality.*

The Mob's wishful thinking that Leonard wasn't hardscrabble enough derived

*continued*

not so much from anything he did in the ring—after all, he knocked out two-thirds of his opponents—but from the way he moved outside it. It was inscribed in stone that any genuine prospect had to start out scuffling for lunch money, working four rounds on the undercard in Wilkes-Barre. There's now a new hypothesis that Leonard has too much money and too many distractions to keep his title. But in one way, he has been freed by the many millions he has salted away. Consider how it was. When he fought in the Olympics he was penniless, and for reasons no one was ever able to diagnose, his knuckles were regularly so sore then that sometimes he punched and cried simultaneously. But to fight now, not only free of the pain but also without any concern about money, this must surely be the most favored way to enter the ring.

"Ray's made all the money he'd need for three or four lifetimes," Morton says. "We just say a prayer in the locker room before every fight that both of these men come out O.K. Remember, life is on the line any time anyone goes in the ring. What is the money when Ray wants to go down as the greatest fighter in the whole history of boxing? Now, he doesn't talk like that, but I've seen him looking at the records. I understand his feelings. And he's almost there now. Three or four more years, Ray Leonard will be there. He'll achieve that. Greatest ever."

Boxing itself presents the major conflict within Leonard: Should he go on? What price glory? He never planned to make the ring his lifework. When he won the gold medal he said, "This is my last fight. My journey has ended. My dream has been fulfilled." But need—serious illness to both his parents—and a sign—the battered knuckles healed almost magically—made him decide to fight professionally. Still, as recently as last year, he declared cynically, "I'm in this to make as much money as I can, and get out."

Ah yes, but now as he warms his hands by the spotlight, as money becomes no object, as the broken promises to his wife and mother fade from his mind, he speaks more affectionately of his sport, of his place, of his quest. And it's true, after all, that it is unnatural for any athlete to want to abdicate at the age of 25. Leonard protests that boxing is no more brutal than football or hockey, but when, if ever, has Tony Dorsett or Wayne Gretzky been asked about quitting? Or, for that matter, Larry Bird or Mike Schmidt or Sebastian Coe, or any great athlete in his prime?

Yet the subject dogs Leonard. Even Little Ray, after the Hearns fight, urged his father to find a more civilized line of work. Juanita, who passed out at one of her husband's fights, is perhaps most dismayed that he keeps on fighting. Largely to satisfy her, Leonard undergoes a battery of medical tests after every fight.

Possibly, in her heart of hearts, Juanita wishes with each fight that just a little something could be wrong, so Ray could conclude his career. For they have it all now, love and the material things. They have been together most of the last decade, but they still wrestle around like kids, hugging and teasing and carrying on. Ray can sound stilted when he's with others. But when he's with Juanita, it's all spontaneous and warm.

For example, driving along, Leonard's father is mentioned in passing. For no apparent reason, Ray declares, "My father is just a good man, one good man."

And Juanita, every bit as heartfelt, adds, "Yes, he is a good man, and a lot of that goodness has rubbed off on you."

They are driving back to their new house, a straight shot past Palmer Park, but far into the rolling Maryland countryside, almost half the way from Washington to the Chesapeake Bay. They are country gentry, and on their property, behind the automatic hydraulic wrought-iron gate with the letter *L* woven into the grille, there are a pool and pool house and two full courts, basketball and tennis. According to Leonard's friends, one of the two things he cannot do particularly well, despite himself, is play tennis. (The other is singing.) So Leonard has taken up golf, and now often wallops drives on the long back lawn that extends down to where his TV dish antenna is.

The house is beautifully appointed. Among other things, it has magnificent floors. This is unusual. The typical young athlete who has come into a lot of money buys a big house and goes heavy on the wall-to-wall carpeting. The leading feature of Athletic Provincial is wall-to-wall. But the Leonard house is full of tasteful risks, the only thing out of place being *The Joy of Sex* (Deluxe Edition), standing cheek by jowl on the shelf next to the Holy Bible. The nicest touch is that the focus in the living room isn't on any of Ray's trophies but on Juanita's diploma from Parkdale High School.

And now, here, the subject of his quitting comes up again. "Sometimes I feel myself not having the same motivation," he admits. "I don't like to say it, but probably just one more year."

Juanita has heard all this before; she makes a sarcastic yeah-sure noise. Ray turns on her and snaps, "You just say that




Hearns landed his best shots in the early going, only to have Leonard retaliate punishingly.

because I said that after Duran. . . ."

"No!" Juanita stops him sharply. And then so softly: "I say that because I know how much you love it, Ray, and it's hard to give up something you love."

She has hit too close to home; for once he is tongue-tied. "Yeah, but. . . ."

"Yeah, but, so all right, prove me wrong," Juanita says.

"Yeah, what do I get?" he coos now. "Come on, if I quit, what're you going to give me? I don't mean buy me anything. What're you going to *give* me?" And he laughs and hugs away whatever argument might be left in her.

This was several weeks after the Hearns fight, and for a boxer that is the worst time. It's easy to think about quitting just before a fight, during the dreary grind of training; maybe easier still after one, all sliced up and hurting. But win or lose, the greater loss comes later. No athlete experiences the peaks and valleys that a championship fighter does. In a team sport, even for a star, the attention is dispersed over a season. In other individual sports, the pattern is never so extreme as in boxing; if McEnroe wins Wimbledon or Watson the Masters, they are back in formal competition a week or so later. And when they do play, they aren't unique; they're members of a whole field of competitors. But for a boxer, starting weeks before a big match, it is only he and his opponent.

"Everything's focused on that," Leonard says. "It builds up, and then in 45 minutes, an hour, it's over. It's so draining. You have to work your way out."

And the easiest way out, of course, is back in. Leonard's many so-called distractions may, in fact, really work to propel him back to the bright sanctuary of the ring. "I'll tell you," he says, "a lot of time, out of training, I don't even know where I am. Training gives me sanity. That's the one time in my life when I know what I'm doing."

Now, a few days later, Leonard was in Las Vegas, "doing" one of those WBX junior-supermachoweight world championship fights for TV, he was dressed in his obligatory network-colored blazer. The afternoon's title fight was over, and the fans had descended on him for autographs: "Hey, Sugar!" "Hey, Champ!" His friends kept the crowd at bay.

An old boxing hand was talking about Leonard with a visiting fireman. "Give it up?" he snorted. "Give it up? Name me the great ones who walked away."

The visiting fireman searched his brain. "Well, uh, Tunney."

"Judas Priest! Tunney! That's better'n 50 years ago. Is that the best you can do? Yeah, probably it is, because there aren't any walk away."

On his cue, Leonard's people eased him through the crowd, so he could sign the cast of a boy in a wheelchair. Under his name, Leonard carefully lettered OUCH!—perfect, just the right touch, as ever. Then he went back to the paper and pens fluttering in his face. "Hey, Sugar!" "Hey, Champ!"





By the 14th Leonard knew he needed a KO

"Marciano!" the visiting fireman suggested.

"Marciano?" grumbled the Fight Mobster. "The Rock was 32 or 33 when he quit. You mean you're going to say Ray has *walked away* if he goes another seven years in the ring? No—none of 'em ever leave that on their own."

Leonard signed his name some more. His friends told him the limo should be out back by now, but he kept on signing. "This is when you get tired of hearing your own name," he said, laughing. And he winked at someone who couldn't get near him for the crush.

But after the first Duran fight, after Leonard lost the WBC welterweight title, he realized he had lost more than a fight. Boxing is really the only place where there is a *champ*. Oh sure, occasionally the generic word champion is squeezed down into headlines in other sports. But champ belongs to the ring. Only in boxing do people actually call themselves Champ and answer to it. But, all of a sudden, after Duran, the title was gone and no one addressed Sugar Ray that way. "I didn't like that," he says, simply enough. "Not even my wife would call me Champ then."

So there is obviously still some hunger, still a bit more for him to accomplish. Then we shall see if he can turn around and walk away, throwing one last wink back at where he has been the very best. Whatever, anyway, Ray Leonard will never work an undercard. **END**



# RIDE 'EM!

## THE REAL RODEO LIVES

It comes from the Spanish *rodear*, to surround: A rodeo was simply a cattle roundup, and, at the end of it, one cowboy might bet another that he could ride a rank stallion longer. Or tie a calf quicker. The first organized rodeos were held in cattle towns—Cheyenne, Wyo.; Prescott, Ariz.; Pecos, Texas—and the cowboys came from places with lyrical names like Bellflower, Mesquite and Sweetwater that still fire the imagination. Today the boys also come from the Bronx, where second-ranked bull rider Bobby DelVecchio was born and raised, but the lure remains the same—a one-on-one contest between man and animal, like that of this steer wrestler, depicted in midflight. To artist Walt Spitzmiller, the steer wrestler best exemplifies the cowboy as athlete.

PAINTINGS BY WALT SPITZMILLER

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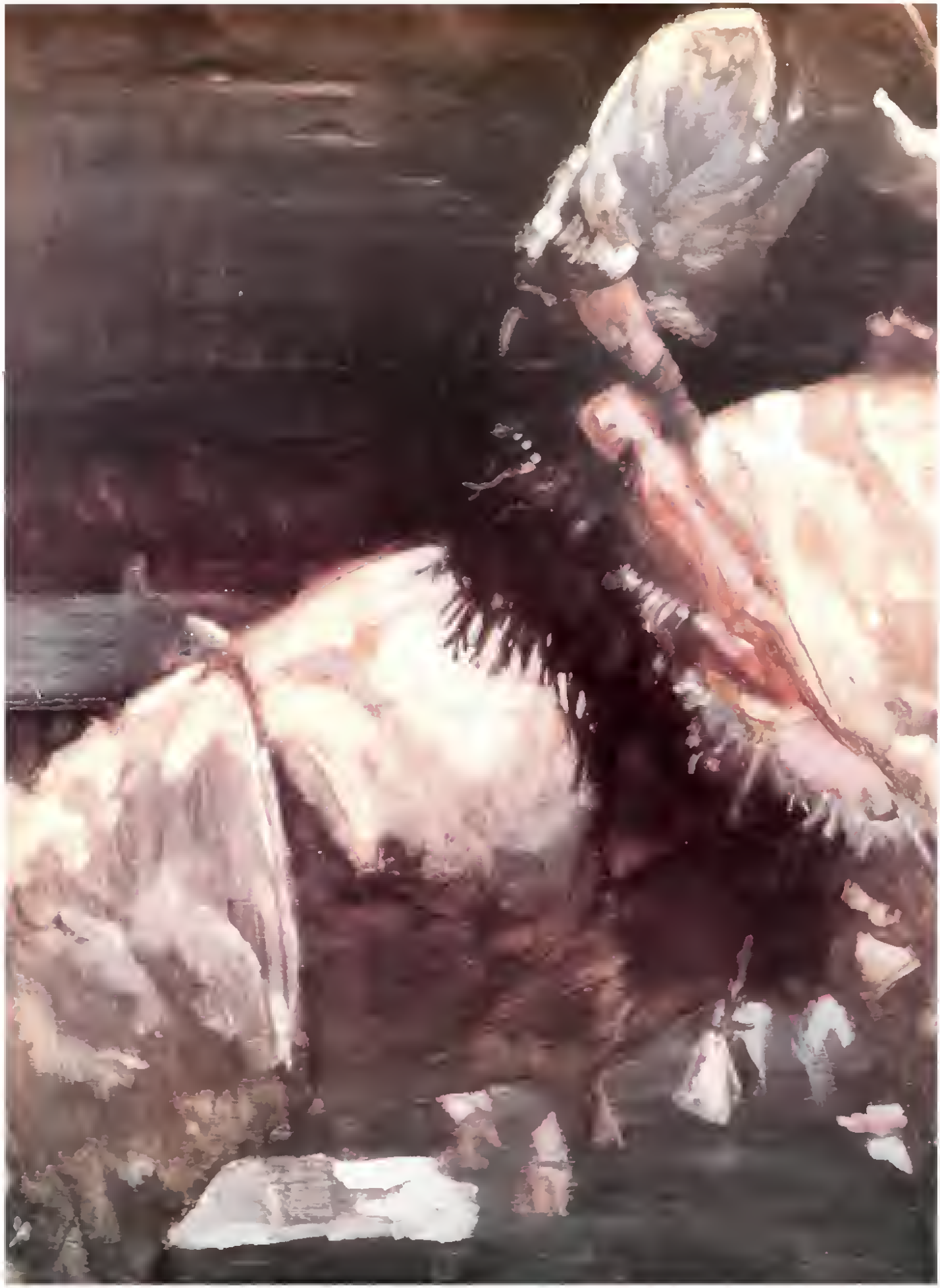
In the saddle bronc event, the cowboy must stay on for eight seconds, holding on to the single braided rein with one hand. The harder the horse bucks, the higher it kicks, the more points the cowboy can score—that's the luck of the draw. But rodeos have always been more than a cowboy's chance to prove himself—more, even, than entertainment. In the old days they were also social events, a chance to get off the ranch and visit with neighbors you saw only a few times a year. That hasn't changed, but rodeo now enjoys a nationwide following, too. In 1981, the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association sanctioned 643 rodeos in 47 states, as well as the hundreds of college, high school and various "little britches" rodeos held around the country. Some 117,000 people paid to see 10 "performances" of the PRCA National Finals this month in Oklahoma City, and rodeo officials estimate the sport draws 12 to 14 million fans yearly, roughly the same number that attend the NFL football games





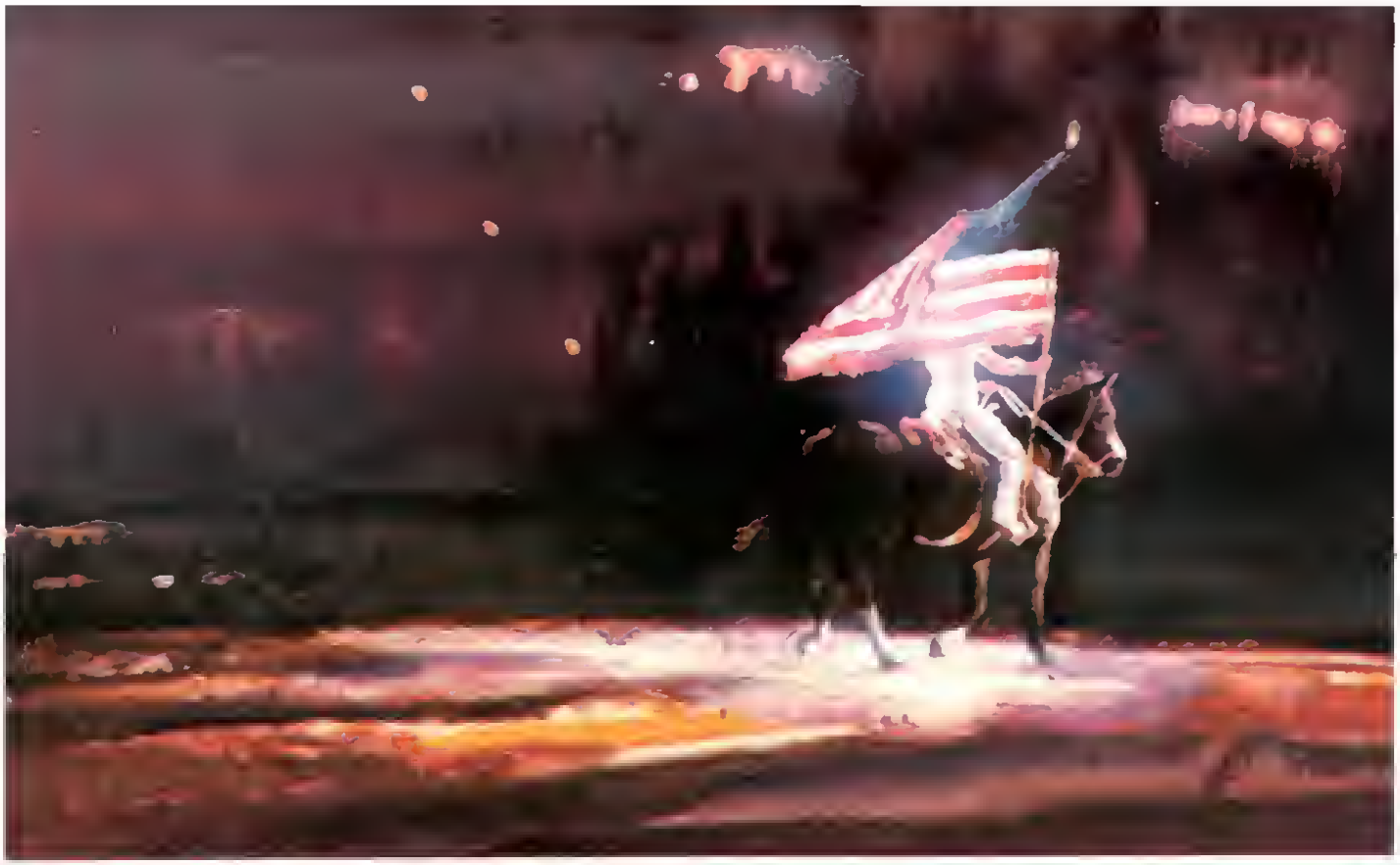


The average age of a rough-stock rider is 23 or 24; the ropers tend to be older, perhaps 30. Except for an elite few who are sponsored, cowboys make their own way to town, find their own beds, pay their own entrance fees—$50 to $250 per event—and then face the luck of the draw, knowing that the next few seconds will determine whether they earn a paycheck. This year alone some 4,000 PRCA cowboys competed for $10 million in purses. That averages out to $2,500 a man. There are no pension plans here, and careers can come to a crippling end with any fall. The cowboy above, Jerry Beagley, from Medicine Lodge, Kans., has a mouthful of stitches from an encounter with a bull at the 1979 National Finals Rodeo.





The last event on a rodeo program is usually bull riding. This painting is called *Bell-Clanging Terror*, because of the cowbell that's always attached to the bull rope. As the bull leaves the gate and begins his menacing spins and bucks, the clamor of the bell is heard throughout the arena. The bull, usually part Brahma—a loose-skinned breed with a distinctive hump on its back—can weigh as much as a ton. As it lands from a leap, the sides of its body expand with such force that the rider's feet fly into the air. The cowboy holds on by a rope wrapped so tightly around his hand that it is not uncommon for him to get hung up on the bull at the end of a ride. That is the most dangerous moment in rodeo, for, unlike the bronc, a bull will attack a man with the worst intentions.







A rodeo is also a pageant. In the Grand Entry at the National Finals, a cavalcade of flag bearers and officials, rodeo queen and attendants is led into the arena by a horsewoman carrying a spotlighted American flag. The playing of the national anthem is no perfunctory gesture, but a genuine patriotic interlude, after which the procession rides out at a gallop. Sometimes they read the *Cowboy's Prayer*; it asks, in part:

*Just let me live my life as I've begun.*
*And give me work that's open to the sky,*
*Make me a partner of the wind and sun,*
*And I won't ask a life that's soft or high;*
*Make me as big and open as the plains,*
*As honest as the horse between my knees,*
*Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,*
*Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze*

The clowns, shown here applying their makeup in the convention center, are the rodeo's lifeguards. It's their job to distract the bull at the end of the ride when the bull rider is on the ground or free his hand when it gets hung up in the bull rope. The cowboy faces one bull a night; the clown must confront as many as 16, and most have injuries too numerous to recount.

There are 130 PRCA-licensed clowns, and they are paid between $200 and $500 per performance. The requirements? Courage, agility and a sense of humor. Leon Coffee, the clown to the far left, has a mule act and a brown belt in karate, but his specialty is discoing in front of the bull to distract him.

In making last-minute adjustments to their equipment, contestants are as ritualistic and superstitious as any athletes. Each cowboy wears his hat differently, but when he takes it off, no hat is ever set upside down, lest the luck run out of it. Some prefer chaps that are fancy and tooled, some prefer them plain and worn ragged. One of the reassuring things about rodeo today is that so little has changed. The equipment—boots, spurs, jeans, hat, saddle, bareback rigging—is virtually the same as it was at the turn of the century. As for the livestock—horses, calves, bulls and steers—there's not much new there. And the cowboy's life-style remains as fiercely independent, day-to-day, rootless. Ironically, this rootlessness *is* America's roots, which may explain the current surge of interest in rodeo.

But even mass appeal won't change it. As one rodeo hand says, "I was a cowboy before it was popular. I reckon I'll still be a cowboy after it ain't."

***—E.M. SWIFT***



# The Odyssey Of Little Homer

In an epic season, Homer Jordan of Clemson led the Tigers to the top of the polls and the Orange Bowl

by JOHN PAPANEK

Homer Jordan's moment has arrived. Bear Bryant has his record, Marcus Allen has his Heisman; Herschel Walker has his future. Now it's time for Homer Jordan to discover if his star can light up the entire nation on New Year's night, or if he and his Clemson teammates were a supernova that could exist only in the firmament of the ACC.

As the quarterback for the No. 1 team in college football, Jordan will be exposed for all the world to study. Is Clemson's meteoric rise to prominence a fluke in a fickle football season? Or is it a destiny made manifest by a nearly silent, polite-beyond-belief but fiercely determined soul from, of all places, Athens, Ga., home of the Georgia Bulldogs? These questions will be decided in the Orange Bowl when Clemson meets Nebraska with the opportunity of achieving a 12–0 season and locking up the Tigers' first national championship.

If Jordan, a junior, should emerge as the hero of the game, as was regularly the case this season, it probably won't even faze him, at least not outwardly. Homer's mother says that when he was the star quarterback for 11–1 Cedar Shoals High School in Athens three years ago, he would come straight home Friday nights after games, and kids from school would be lined up along the street in front of the house to greet him. "I don't know how he makes so many friends," says Alice Jordan, "because Little Homer doesn't say anything—even around home."

Little Homer hardly resembles a quarterback, at least in the way the image of a quarterback is fixed in the public mind. Think about it. Is there any position in any team sport that has a more firmly fixed stereotype than quarterback? First of all, if the quarterback is black, he's usually not really what we think of as a quarterback at all, but one of those wishbone-option juke artists such as Thomas Lott or J.C. Watts. We think of a college quarterback and we think of Jim McMahon or Art Schlichter or John Elway or Dan Marino. Not only are they white, but they're also big and strong.

Homer Jordan—a skinny 6-footer, listed at 180 pounds by the grace of the Clemson sports information department—just doesn't fit this prototype. Nor does he fit any other one. He simply gets the job done in whatever way is necessary. Jordan is willing to fit the game, and doesn't waste time trying to make the game fit him. He thinks, he sees, he moves—about as unobtrusively as a stalking cat, or, in this instance, Tiger—until the moment comes to pounce. Then he zips the ball like a bullet, or shakes his hips this way and that, and Clemson's on the move.

"Homer controls what we're going to do," says Clemson Coach Danny Ford. "How he plays is how we play. The games that he's had a little trouble in are the ones we had a hard time winning. But when your quarterback can play bad and you still win, then he's got to be pretty good. And we think Homer is pretty good."

For the record, Jordan has played quarterback regularly only since his senior year in high school. This season he was selected first-team All-ACC at the position. Either sprinting out or dropping back, whatever the occasion demanded, he threw for 1,496 yards and eight touchdowns, completed 96 of 174 passes (55%) and suffered only eight interceptions. He was also Clemson's third-leading rusher with 440 yards on 152 carries, and ran for six more touchdowns. Against Georgia, he completed 11 of 18 passes for 135 yards and ran for 59 more in a 13–3 win that was the Bulldogs' only loss of the season. He was 20 for 29 and threw for three TDs in a 21–7 win over Maryland that clinched the ACC crown. Against North Carolina State, though, Jordan passed poorly (completing only four of 13 throws with three interceptions) but ran for 104 yards.

"I have quick feet and can throw when I have to" is about all Jordan continued



Passing or running or all duded up, Jordan makes big tracks for the undefeated Tigers.



will say when asked to describe his own game.

But others are quick to supply the words for him, most notably senior Wide Receiver Perry Tuttle, who is as garrulous as Jordan is taciturn. A projected first-round NFL draft pick—"Thanks to Homer," he says—Tuttle caught 47 passes for 827 yards and seven TDs this season to break nearly all of the Clemson receiving records held by Jerry Butler, now with the Buffalo Bills. "I love the way Homer throws," says Tuttle. "You go across the middle, he threads it. He has the touch. You go long, he never overthrows. And sometimes you can slow down a step and let the defender get a little past you, because you know Homer'll get it to you."

"Seems like I came along at the right time for everything. That's the way I figure it," says Jordan, in what for him amounts to an oration.

There is also the matter of persistence, because all along coaches have been inclined to make Jordan anything *but* a quarterback. At Cedar Shoals, he began his freshman year as a running back but, he says, "One day I threw a halfback option pass and it looked pretty good so I decided I wanted to be a quarterback." School tradition dictated that only seniors got to start at quarterback, so Jordan bided his time in the defensive secondary. Even though as a senior quarterback Jordan led Cedar Shoals to an 11–1 record, recruiters from the University of Georgia didn't think much of him as a quarterback. Neither did the people at Clemson, for that matter. "We knew he was a football player," says Ford. "We didn't know he was a quarterback." There was also another factor: The only black quarterback that Clemson had ever had was for a half-season in 1975. Curiously, his name was *Willie* Jordan (he is not related to Homer), but he became a defensive back in 1976.

None of that mattered to Homer, even though it seemed to matter a great deal to most everyone else. Jordan was merely obsessed with the idea of playing quarterback in college. "Clemson told me I'd have a shot at quarterback, so I took it at that," he says.

As a freshman Jordan played back-up quarterback to Billy Lott, but before the 1980 season he was penciled onto the Clemson depth chart as a defensive back. He insisted on trying out for quarterback. He began practice that fall as the third-stringer, but three days before the season opener against Rice, Ford named Jordan as his starter—and stuck with him all season. The Tigers went 6–5, and it wasn't an easy year for anyone. There were rumors of discontent among the players, and Ford got a lot of unsolicited opinions from cocktail party coaches. Much of the talk concerned his choice of quarterback, and some of it was plainly racial. A lot of folks didn't think highly of Homer Jordan as a quarterback.

"The fans around here didn't know much about Homer," says Ford. "Early on he was very, very quiet—very, very shy. Didn't talk much. There was never a question of his having the ability. But he was always like this." Ford makes a clenched fist. "Nervous, tight. And in the beginning he *deserved* criticism, 'cause he was coming out there like he was playing basketball—*dribbling* the ball. The thing I did that probably hurt him was start him against Georgia in Athens in the second game. [Jordan had a miserable afternoon and Clemson lost, 20–16.] He was back home, playing in front of all those people. If I was smart, I would have figured all of that out. Unfortunately I'm not that smart. But you got to put yourself in his position. He was under a bunch of pressure. When you're one of the first black quarterbacks at a school, you're going to hear things and get criticized and face a pretty gigantic burden.

"But, you know what? He's so good a kid, he probably wasn't thinking about it near as much as I *thought* he was thinking about it. And I was sure thinking about it a lot."

Jordan refused to let a little adversity get in his way. His determination has always been far greater than his ability to express it. "There was a lot of talk about that . . racial stuff . . last year," he says. "It just made me want to work harder and prove that no matter what color I am, I can go out and do the job." As for starting the Georgia game, Jordan says, "Nervous? A lot of people said I was. But I didn't feel nervous. I played in front of all those folks all my life. Why would I get nervous then?"

Why indeed? You don't hear anyone around Clemson criticizing Jordan these days, and it's clear that Homer is enjoying the acclaim. Not long ago his luncheon with a note-taking journalist was interrupted by a glad-handing businessman who blurted, "Homer! You're not signing any contract, are you?"

"Yeah," said Jordan. "I'm gone. Montreal. Taking [Vince] Ferragamo's place."

"Uh-uh," said the man. "You got to come back. You got to go 11–0 one more time."

"Oh, I'll go 11–0 again," said Jordan, his straight face intact. "But I'm going to do it for the Alouettes."

"Now Homer's been our quarterback two years," says Ford. "His leadership, field generalship, confidence in himself, confidence the kids have in him—*I* have in him—you just don't get that in two

*continued*



Alice Jordan slept little—she worked two full-time jobs—while raising Little Homer.



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Deborah Arnold is where Homer's heart is.

years. Not when you're a defensive back one day and a quarterback the next."

Unless, apparently, you're someone like Homer Jordan. Off the field, on first impression, it *is* hard to imagine him as a quarterback. He doesn't pretend to be a scholar, having chosen Industrial Education as his major, taking classes like Materials of Construction, Coaching Education and Dairy Science—"You learn about different kinds of milk, cheese, ice cream . . . all the dairy products," he says. He admits he'll pick up a book "only when I have to."

But Jordan gets along academically—most important, he gets along with people—and he is surely a better person for having had the opportunity to attend college. Gradually, the shyness is dropping away. He always goes to class, even if he never says a word. His ambition in life—after football, that is—is to own a men's clothing store, and his dormitory room resembles one: suits and shirts neatly arranged in his closet, shoes perfectly placed in pairs on the floor, and not a scrap of paper out of place. Homer takes great pride in his dress, and spends much of his free time strolling through shopping malls, checking out the threads.

His teammates rib him for all the time he stays alone in his room listening to his music and—how does this sit when it comes to the image of the quarterback on the No. 1 team in the nation?—ironing his shirts. He rarely goes out socially. The primary reason is that he is very much in love with a girl back home named Deborah Arnold, whose brother Anthony, a receiver for Georgia last year, is a Denver Bronco rookie currently on the injured reserve list. They plan to marry, says Jordan, "when the time is right." Jordan puts plenty of mileage on his 1976 Mustang II commuting the 75 miles between Clemson and Athens. For kicks back at the dorm, Homer and Tuttle often will play dress-up: donning outrageous costumes like T shirts with bow ties and "funk glasses," playing deejay, taking pictures of each other—just for the hell of it.

His teammates also love to make fun of Jordan's diet, which seems to consist of 98% chicken and 2% peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. For that they call him "Bird."

In the light of the reports that the NCAA is investigating Clemson for alleged recruiting violations, Ford contains his down-home enthusiasm when telling people about Jordan's simple tastes. "Why, you can take Homer to the . . . uh, he can go . . . uh, you can't *take* him, that's against the rules . . . but you can go to the best steakhouse in town and he'll maybe eat a hamburger. He'd rather go to Wendy's for chicken than the finest steakhouse or the finest lobster house in town."

It has always been this way when folks speak of Jordan. "He's picture perfect," says high school teammate Jimmy Payne, now a defensive tackle at Georgia. "I mean, he doesn't do anything. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke. I never saw Homer come to school in jeans. He is so clean-cut. Nothing but dress pants, a nice shirt and sweater. Teachers fell in love with him 'cause he was such a hard worker and he never cut class."

All of the credit goes to Jordan's mother, Alice, who for 13 years worked two full-time jobs to support Homer and his three sisters, Bettye, Daphne and Iris. Alice's husband, also named Homer, was a diabetic, and in order to help pay his hospital bills and make her household's other ends meet at the same time, Alice Jordan worked from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. as a cashier at an insurance agency and from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. as a nurse in several Athens hospitals. When her husband died in 1970, she kept up the same pace in order to put Bettye and Daphne through the University of Georgia.

"My time for sleep was after dinner was through and the dishes were done," she says. "But on football nights that was impossible. Little Homer would come to me and say, 'Momma, you're coming to the game, aren't you?' And I'd say, 'Yes, Little Homer, I'll be there.' But here's something I never told him: A lot of times I'd just watch the first few minutes of the game, long enough for him to look up and see me in the stands. And then I'd go back to the car and rest until the fourth quarter."

Despite, or maybe because of, Alice Jordan's schedule, the family is unusually close. "I was just so concerned about Homer—about him not having a father, about me not being able to say the things I needed to say to him, the things he needed to know about life—that I think I may have paid a little extra attention to him," says Alice Jordan. "I knew the girls would come to me, but I wanted to make sure that Homer and I were close. And we are. In fact, our whole family acts more like we're brother and sisters to each other. We really sit down and *talk* to each other, and the kids have always *listened* to me. I always felt I could reason with them. I don't think I spanked any of my kids more than twice in my whole life."

Which isn't to say that Alice Jordan's only son doesn't have a mind of his own. Particularly when it comes to playing football and his responsibilities to his teammates. "I used to rub Little Homer down when he'd come home tired and sore in high school," recalls his mother. "Then one night Jimmy Payne and a couple of other friends carried Homer into the house like he was on a stretcher. I rubbed him down and later that week I said, 'Little Homer, you're not going to try and play, are you, when you're so hurt and all?' And he said, 'Yes, Momma, I am.' And that was that."

Jordan never goes anywhere without remembering to pick up some sort of souvenir to bring home to Momma ("It may be just a little old something," she says, "but it's still precious to me"), and many times she has watched Clemson play on TV Saturday afternoon only to see him come walking in her door in Athens a couple of hours later. When Homer is

*continued*

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in Athens, he and Deborah—joggers both—spend their time quietly at his mother's home. Occasionally they will go out, and this can present something of a problem to a man who sets such store by his appearance. Homer, you see, hasn't mastered the fine art of getting a neat knot in a tie. "He has to go across the street to get Mr. Hunter to tie his tie for him," says his mother. "Little Homer doesn't like to talk much about Clemson being undefeated, but Mr. Hunter grills him about it and apparently Homer has to talk or he can't get dressed up."

If Homer Jordan has ever done anything to disappoint his mother, it would be his refusal to stand up and confess his faith in God and ask to join the Ebenezer West Baptist Church like the rest of the family. In her son's defense, Alice Jordan says, "I think he's bothered by the fact that because of athletics, he hasn't been able to go every Sunday, to commit himself to church as much as he would like. I've told him, 'Little Homer, you don't have to be perfect to join the church.' But *something is still bothering him about* joining the church."

"Homer's grown up so much this year," says Tuttle. "He's the story of our success. It really started with the last four games of 1980. Before that he was never really sure of himself. When it was time to check off a called play at the line, Homer didn't know what to do. I would put my arm around him and say, 'Homer, don't worry. The coaches have confidence in you. Go with your instincts.' "

To illustrate his lack of confidence last year, Jordan cites the 1980 North Carolina game, which Clemson lost 24–19. "We had first-and-goal on their one-yard line with a minute and a half to play. The coach called the same play—fullback up the middle—three times. I saw their ends crashing and I *knew* it wouldn't work. But I wouldn't check off the play."

This year Jordan became a take-charge quarterback. In Clemson's ninth game, a 10–8 win at North Carolina, Jordan was told to run fullback up the middle on second-and-short. When he lined up, Tuttle saw his defender cheating up, and thought, "Come on, Homer. See this guy? Check off. Take a chance." Jordan did. "I checked off," said Jordan, "because I thought Tuttle could beat his man long. The pass was incomplete. I looked over at the coaches and thought they'd get on me, but they didn't."

"Shoot," says Quarterback Coach Nelson Stokley, "where Homer has improved most is at the line of scrimmage. *In the Maryland game, he checked off* running plays probably six times on first-down situations and I think he completed passes on every one of them."

No one questions Jordan's leadership anymore. "It took him a good while before he opened up to his teammates," says Free Safety Terry Kinard. "You'd ask him his name: 'Homer.' Where you from? 'Athens.' End of information. Now, he'll cut up and joke with us."

Says Tuttle: "The thing about Homer is he's quiet. But understand, when Homer talks, people listen. Like E.F. Hutton. One time, late in the first half of the Georgia game, it was 0–0, everybody was panicking, going crazy. Homer walked into the huddle and yelled, 'Shut the hell up!' Oh man! Everybody went *whaa*! Nobody ever heard Homer cuss before. And then everybody cracked up. I said 'Homer . . .?' 'What . . .?' 'That's not you, man.' " Jordan looked at Tuttle icily. A few moments later, he threw an eight-yard touchdown pass to Tuttle to spark Clemson's victory.

"We kid around an awful lot now," says Tuttle. "Like one day before a game I said, 'Now, Homer, I'll give you one hundred dollars if you give me six passes.' And he said, 'I'll give you fifty back if you catch 'em all.' " Another time Ford sent Tuttle into the game with a running play but Tuttle, as he says, "went into the huddle and said, 'Homer, 42 Blast. . . . But, remember . . . you can check off.'

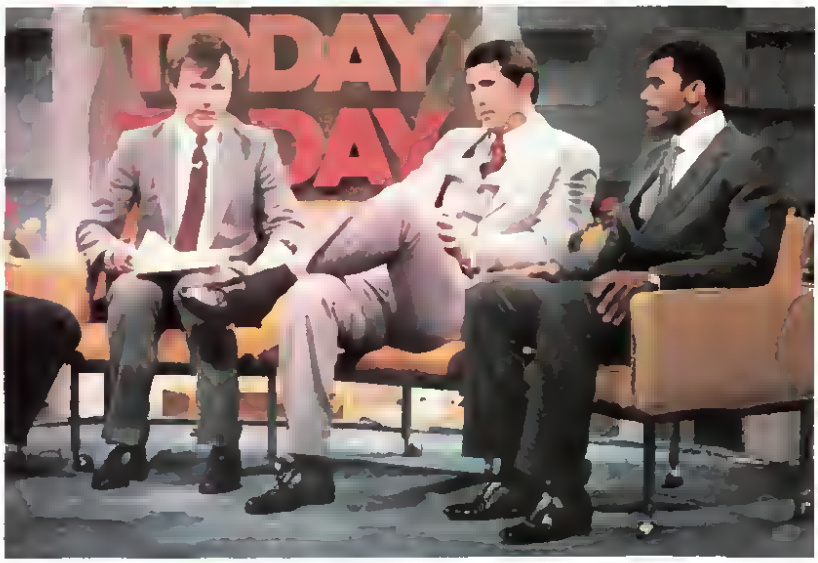
"Another game," says Tuttle, "Maryland game, we were on their 14-yard line. Homer got under center. He looked at Jerry Gaillard, the other receiver. He was thinking about checking off but he wasn't real sure of himself. Then he looked at me and I made a tiny nod with my head. Homer called out 'Purple' and once he said that I knew what the deal was." Purple meant fly. Tuttle flew, and Jordan took one step back from the center and lobbed it toward the right flag. Tuttle caught it for the touchdown, one of 10 passes he caught that afternoon.

Jordan believes he can be a pro quarterback, and Stokley agrees, although he feels Jordan's best chance to play the position will be in the Canadian League, where the field is wider and the game is more conducive to run-pass quarterbacks, as former Oklahoma wishbone quarterback J.C. Watts proved this year for the Ottawa Rough Riders. Homer also thinks he could be an excellent receiver, even though he has never played the position. What the heck. He figures he can do anything athletic.

"Hard work will get you somewhere sooner or later," he says. "Get you to the place you want to go. That's the way I figure it."

Right now Clemson is exactly where it wants to be—No. 1—and Homer Jordan is figuring he will keep the Tigers there on New Year's night. **END**

**Coach Ford (center) and Receiver Tuttle (right) talk up Jordan at every opportunity.**



# THE J GENERATION HITS THE ROAD RUNNING



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**PONTIAC NOW THE EXCITEMENT BEGINS**

# They're cutting it with Ewing

by Curry Kirkpatrick

If Patrick Ewing, Georgetown's freshman center and college basketball's new Secretary of Defense, doesn't become another Washington monument in the next few months, he can only blame his own shaky hands, wayward elbows and/or hot temper. To put it another way, his immaturity, physically and emotionally. And if it seems odd to say that Ewing, a 7-footer, isn't grown-up, consider that last Saturday afternoon he stumbled over his own feet during the player introductions for the Hoyas' game with Nevada-Las Vegas and nearly fell flat on his face. Monuments must never trip.

As productive as Ewing was in Georgetown's 76–52 rout of the visiting Runnin' Rebels—his line read six field goals attempted, five made, 10 points, eight rebounds, four assists and four blocked shots in 29 minutes—mere numbers will never accurately describe the impact he'll have every time the Hoyas take the court.

Even Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, Georgetown's star senior guard, couldn't diminish the attention that is accorded Ewing, though, in the course of scoring 27 points against UNLV. Floyd made shots after triple-pumping through traffic and after rebounding and somersaulting backwards in the lane and, on defense, avoided a collision foul by leapfrogging a thoroughly astonished opponent. Nor did Floyd wish to take anything away from Ewing. "Just him standing there creates problems," Floyd said. "We can see they're concentrating on Patrick, and that makes it easier for everybody."

The 220-pound Ewing appears not to have grown into his height yet, as he walks, he heaves his shoulders to and fro as if shifting a refrigerator on his back. But running and jumping and searching for balls to reject up over the girders? Lord, he's not so much Secretary as Secretariat. Or what a young, developing Bill Russell must have looked like.

There's still little subtlety in Ewing's game, but it isn't difficult to project him as the *next* defensive *dominator* in college. On offense he's a bobble-handed pass receiver, and even when doing his specialty at the other end, he has no idea how to use his body, to hold and push and deny without being whistled by the refs. At times, his response to physical harassment is a whirling elbow, and against George Washington early last week he practically begged for a fight on three occasions. He's all brute force and athleticism.

On Saturday Ewing got in foul trouble when Vegas' 6′ 8″, 243-pound Michael Johnson twice drove the baseline and drew Ewing's second and third personals, sending him to the bench with 8:04 left in the first half. Without him, the Hoyas scored eight straight points, but at halftime led only 36–33.

The obvious strategy in the second half was for Johnson and the other Rebel big men, 6′ 9″ Richie Adams and, especially, 6′ 9″ Sidney (El Cid) Green, to take the ball right at a tentative Ewing. But no. Vegas stayed away. El Cid inexplicably turned into Ben Hur, drove his chariot in circles outside and scored one basket in the final half. Meanwhile, Ewing was not being tentative. On three separate forays he dunked off his own rebound, drove for a reverse layup and stuck a fadeaway jumper that appeared to have been released from behind the backboard.

The lasting vision from Georgetown's 20–2 second-half blowout surge, during which Floyd got 10 points, is one of Ewing leaping up, up and continuing up to grasp teammate Fred Brown's sky-pass somewhere over Baltimore, bring it back into the building and, in the same motion, slam the dunk home.

continued

***Georgetown has got a new edge in 7-foot freshman Center Pat Ewing***




With Ewing at goalie, the Hoyas have held opponents to .405 shooting from the field.

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The heralded freshmen notwithstanding, what Thompson has wrought in the Jesuit school overlooking the Potomac fits in very neatly with the architecture of the neighborhood; it's a team more of weathered townhouses than modern high-rises. That's because seniors are all around, placed as if by design at every key position where they might serve as mentors for the recruits.

One is Center Ed Spriggs, a 25-year-old former post-office worker whom Thompson discovered in Washington while watching games in the Melvin's Crab House summer league. Spriggs didn't play sports in high school. For three years he worked at the post office in Riverdale, Md., "out on the loading platform, inside and driving a truck," and often was seen with his younger brothers, Gregory and Larry, who mirror his 6′ 9″, 240-pound physique. Larry was drafted out of Howard University by the Houston Rockets. Gregory is a bodyguard for Sugar Ray Leonard. "You'd see those brothers walking down the street at night and hope, holy God, that they were nice people," says the 6′ 10″, 300-pound Thompson. Spriggs is nice enough to be serving his second year as captain of the Hoyas. He started 31 games last season and now is content to be a valuable backup to a budding legend. "In common with these guys?" Spriggs says. "Hey, I'm six years older than some of these guys. No, wait. Hey, I'm seven years older. Whew."

It's Spriggs's duty to lean on Ewing in practice, to muscle him, test him, toughen him up. "Intimidation is everybody's thing," he says. "You have to be crazy to play underneath anyway. My first year I was constantly being separated from fights myself. Pat just goes one step too far sometimes. This is a mental game, and he's got to use his head more."

"Patrick is definitely a warrior," says Thompson, "but his fierce attitude has been projected out of all proportion to his personality. He's just not tactful. Right away he comes out and glares at you. He wants you to know that's his dominion. And stay away. He's not trying to intimidate. It's his competitive honesty. The kid is so up, tuned-in, ready, psyched. I've mentioned the elbows. We talked about it. And he's getting better. But he really does get beat on. The way he responds is normal for a non-docile person. Understand now, I don't want any of my centers smiling. I'm not raising any St. Therese, The Little Flower."

Thompson says he has had "unsportsmanlike" players before, but not now. "I did my practicum for my master's in counseling in the D.C. jail," he says. "I know intimidation. I know bad guys. This is not a tramp athlete, a bum. Pat is not a dirty player. In our society people are afraid of any tall black man who is aggressive. But labels are odious. If you talked one-on-one with him you'd find a gentle, nice, polite kid."

Unfortunately, such a conversation is impossible because of a Thompson dictum: no interviews with freshmen before January. To be fair, Thompson has applied this rule—along with some other quaint coaching strictures, such as closed practices—since 1972.

If Ewing, who was born in Jamaica and moved to Massachusetts when he was 12, could be confronted, it would be interesting to hear if he sounds like Bob Marley or Tip O'Neill and to know how he is getting along in the classroom, because he has a reading deficiency. Among the extraordinary academic conditions demanded of recruiters by Ewing's family and his Cambridge Rindge & Latin High coach were permission for Ewing to tape-record lectures and take untimed testing once he got to college.

Thompson denies that Georgetown, which has a distinguished academic reputation, made any deals regarding Ewing's course of study. "I am not hiding anybody or anything," says Thompson. "Sure, I could have open house on Pat and he could do interviews every hour. Then the same people who took all his time would criticize him for not adapting to school. Un-unh. We're not talking about a messiah here. Or an illiterate savage. Just a very special kid."

Maybe even the second coming of Bill Russell.

## THE WEEK

*(Dec. 14-20)*

by ANTHONY COTTON

**WEST** DePaul Coach Ray Meyer should have sensed he was being set up going into last Saturday's game with UCLA. First the crowd at Pauley Pavilion sang *Happy Birthday* to the coach, who had turned 68 the day before, and then each Bruin went to the DePaul bench and shook his hand. Even the first half resembled a birthday gift, as DePaul dominated play to lead 37–32. After the intermission, however, UCLA took it all back, rushing past the Blue Demons to an 87–75 win. The reversal came when UCLA moved Mike Sanders from forward to center and inserted speedy Darren Daye and Rod Foster into the game. The Bruins then outscored DePaul 45–28. "With that quick lineup in there, our press is better and so is our rebounding," said Daye. "Sometimes quickness is better than strength. This win does a lot for our confidence."

Neither Rice nor Iona could deal with San Francisco's Quintin Dailey as the Dons won their own Golden Gate Invitational, beating Iona 88–81 in the finals. Tournament MVP Dailey scored 34 points against the Gaels, following a 24-point effort in a first-round 85–69 rout of the Owls. "Quintin can put them in from anywhere, sometimes without dramatics, and you're surprised when you add up the score," said former USF Coach Dan Belluomini. Current Coach Pete Barry added up the rebounds and was less than pleased, however. "We're supposed to be one of the best rebounding teams in the country, but we were caught napping by two smaller teams," he said, speaking of Rice's 55–44 rebounding edge as well as USF's 37–36 advantage over Iona on the boards. San Francisco had only a 45–44 halftime lead against the Gaels, mainly because of Dailey's 24 points, and Iona had visions of an upset when Dailey picked up his fourth foul with nine minutes to play. A few minutes later, with USF still barely leading, starters John Hegwood and Wallace Bryant each picked up his fourth personal, but a spread offense and seven free throws enabled the Dons to hang on.

Free throws also helped Brigham Young to a 63–55 win over Weber State. The Wildcats had two more field goals than the Cougars, but BYU outscored Weber 21–9 at the line.

**MIDWEST** Even before the start of the 118–65 thrashing Pan American got at Wichita State, Broncs Coach Bill White was fit to be tied—or cuffed. White marched up to a Henry Levitt Arena security man and held out his arms. "Take me," White said. "I'd rather spend the next two hours in jail than where I'm going to spend them." White's players also looked as if they wished they were elsewhere as the Shockers took a 70–32 halftime lead and set a school record with 50 field goals.

Rebounding was the decisive factor in host Houston's 62–52 upset of Iowa in the finals of the Christmas Kettle Classic. "The team that hit the boards the toughest was the best tonight," said Cougar Forward Clyde Drexler, who was the toughest of them all with 18 rebounds. Houston's 7-foot sophomore center, Akeem Olajuwon, added 11 boards in only 20 minutes of playing time. Overall, the Cougars had a 52–36 rebound advantage over the Hawkeyes, who were playing without their

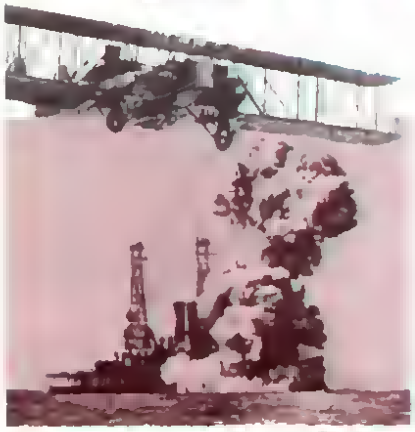
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leading scorer, Bob Hansen, who had bruised his right foot in a game the night before. "Hansen's absence hurt because he's our best outside shooter," said Iowa Coach Lute Olson. "That made Houston's zone all the more effective."

Central Florida's plan to slow down the action against Tulsa worked for a short time, but the Golden Hurricane pulled away for a 69–58 win and its 21st consecutive home-court victory. Central led 7–4 and then went six minutes without scoring. Late in the second half the Knights held the ball for 3½ minutes without shooting. The only problem: Tulsa was ahead 62–48 at the time.

## SI TOP 20

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | N. CAROLINA (5–0) | 1* |
| 2. | KENTUCKY (6–0) | 3 |
| 3. | WICHITA STATE (6–0) | 5 |
| 4. | SAN FRANCISCO (7–0) | 6 |
| 5. | LOUISVILLE (5–1) | 2 |
| 6. | TULSA (6–1) | 7 |
| 7. | VIRGINIA (7–0) | 8 |
| 8. | MINNESOTA (5–0) | 10 |
| 9. | IOWA (6–1) | 4 |
| 10. | ARKANSAS (6–0) | 11 |
| 11. | ALABAMA (6–0) | 14 |
| 12. | DePAUL (5–1) | 9 |
| 13. | MISSOURI (5–0) | 17 |
| 14. | INDIANA (6–1) | 18 |
| 15. | GEORGIA (5–2) | 13 |
| 16. | VILLANOVA (6–1) | 16 |
| 17. | OREGON STATE (5–1) | — |
| 18. | UCLA (4–2) | — |
| 19. | GEORGETOWN (7–2) | — |
| 20. | N.C. STATE (7–0) | 20 |

* Last week

**EAST** "We came in here averaging 86 points a game. Obviously, we didn't want to get into a 40-point game," said Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino, but that's what Massimino and his Wildcats got. A combination of Temple's tough zone defenses and poor Villanova shooting enabled the Owls to pull off a 52–48 upset. Although Temple failed to make a field goal in the first eight minutes of the second half, the Owls came back to take the lead for good when Ed Coe and Terence Stansbury combined for the steal and the dunk that put them in front 48–46. "This may be our biggest win because of where they are and where we're supposed to be, like Nowheresville," said Temple Coach Don Casey. Nowheresville is where most of Villanova's shots fell. Averaging 60% from the floor entering the game, the Wildcats shot only 43.2% against the Owls.

North Carolina held an opponent to under 40 points for the second straight time, on this occasion dispatching Rutgers 59–36 at Madison Square Garden. The game was the first out of state for the Tar Heels and was also a homecoming for four members of the squad. Both factors may have contributed to a sluggish early performance; North Carolina only led 24–19 at the half. But the Scarlet Knights, who shot 21.5%, couldn't capitalize. "We've never had a worse shooting night," said Rutgers Coach Tom Young.

After missing five straight free throws against Princeton, Steve Trumbo of Brigham Young, heretofore an 80% foul shooter, felt the same way—until the final seconds. "Sure I wanted to take the foul shots," said Trumbo. "It was the worst night of my life and I wanted to save my tail." Trumbo made the front end of a one-and-one to give the Cougars a 39–38 win over the Tigers, who then dropped another toughie, 59–55, to Ohio State.


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Louisiana Tech, the nation's top-ranked women's team, ran its win streak to 45 with a 68–51 win over Old Dominion in the finals of the Manufacturers Hanover classic. The win left the Lady Techsters just six victories shy of the acknowledged women's record, held by Delta State.

**MIDEAST** This being the Christmas season, Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall chose not to go into his customary postgame tirade on his team's lack of killer instinct after the Wildcats' 98–74 win over Seton Hall in the finals of the Kentucky Invitational Tournament. "I'm not going to discuss the second half," Hall said of the period in which the Pirates outscored the Wildcats 48–41. "This is a time of joy and forgiving. But I will say the first half was great. I don't know if any Kentucky team I've coached has run the break that well." In the first half, the 'Cats shot 61% and only turned the ball over twice en route to a 57–26 lead. "That's some kind of team," said Seton Hall Guard Dan Callandrillo, who scored 25 points against the Wildcats. "Their depth makes you wonder who's better—their starters or their subs." Indeed, in a first-round 107–91 victory over Jacksonville, Kentucky's bench contributed 46 points and 12 rebounds.

Georgia rebounded from a 56–54 loss to Mississippi earlier in the week to win the Cotton States Classic, beating Alabama-Birmingham 76–72 in the finals after a 79–66 first-round triumph over Northeastern.

Indiana junior Steve Bouchie looked like his old self as the Hoosiers defeated Tulane 77–59. Hitting just 37% of his shots going into the game, Bouchie canned his first six attempts of the second half and was nine of 16 from the floor for the night. Later in the week, Ted Kitchel came through with 20 points to lead Iodiana to a 58–49 win over Kansas State.

Minnesota handed Marquette its worst defeat at home in 16 years, beating the Warriors 76–54. Marquette played without its star guard, Glenn Rivers, who was hospitalized with a bad back, but Warriors' Coach Hank Raymonds thought his team's 32% field goal percentage was the real pain. "We're not going to beat anybody with that kind of shooting," said Raymonds. That was a statement Western Michigan could sympathize with after its 88–46 loss to DePaul. For the game, the Broncos shot 25%. "They couldn't throw a basketball into the ocean standing on the beach," said Blue Demon Coach Ray Meyer.

**FAR EAST** The final game of the Suntory Ball in Tokyo was a classic *basuketto* (basketball) matchup between the *fasuto burekki* (fast break) of Oregon State and the *suramu danku* (slam dunk) of Louisville. Fasuto burekki won out as the Beavers upset the Cardinals 62–56. The Ball also included Penn, which got trounced 102–64 by Oregon State and 76–68 by Louisville. In the finale, the Cardinals held a 14-point lead in the second half before the Beavers, led by Guard William Brew, rallied. Brew was twice named MVP, while his coach, Ralph Miller, won the *Besuto Kochi* (best coach) award and Louisville's Derek Smith got a Fighting Spirit award. Said one Cardinal fan, "This is the damndest, awardest-givingest couotry I've ever seen," thereby winning the fractured-syntax prize. **END**

**PLAYER OF THE WEEK**

**QUINTIN DAILEY** San Francisco's 6′ 4″ junior guard scored 58 points in a pair of victories over Rice and Iona. For the season, Dailey averages 26.3 points per game for the Dons on 59% field-goal shooting.

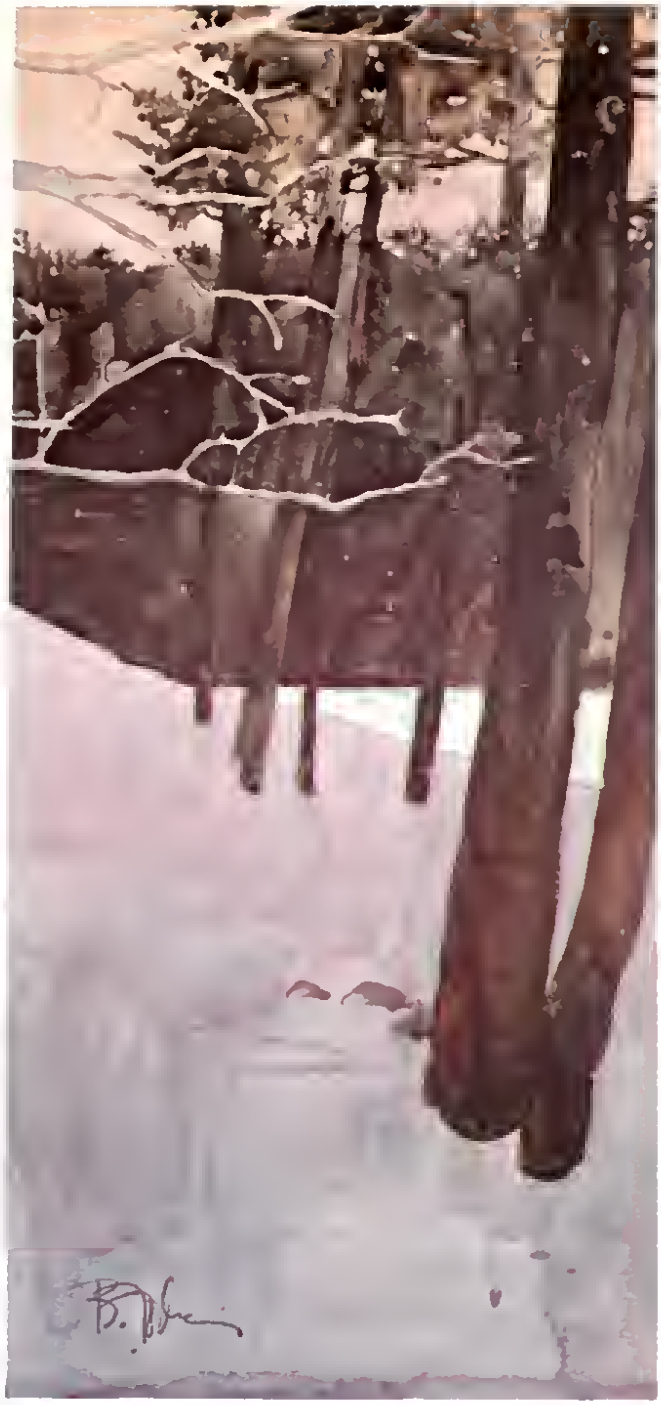

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# FROZEN FOR THE AGES

*Each winter the northern lake beckons with its promise of fish below and frolic above, prevailing against, and even thriving upon, the intrusion and modern inventions of man*

by RON RAU

Look. At the far end of the lake. There are people at the Bluegill Hole. Some are standing, some are sitting, some walking around, but they all seem tiny and remote on the expanse of the ice-covered lake. I wonder if the fish are biting, if there are dozens of hand-sized bluegills scattered on the ice around the fishing holes.

Already there are two shanties on the young ice. Look closer and you can see a fire burning on the lake. Kids, probably. One of them is running toward the First Island for more fuel. An adult wouldn't run like that. Not on *this* ice.

Moving into the wind on the snowmobile peels my eyelids back and makes my eyes water. I look sideways at the Third Island as we pass it. The trees are bare, the land is brown and bare and ready for the snow cover. The snow is late this year, but the lake has frozen over. Three clear, crisp, starlit nights have covered the lake with two to three inches of ice.

Good thing, too, because the boys will be up to the lake in three days. Not having snow for the Christmas holidays is bad enough, but if there were no ice on the lake....

"Three inches of ice holds a team of horses," my father still says whenever it attains that thickness. Then it is safe for the horsepower and weight of a snowmobile. My father can remember when horses hauled blocks of ice, cut from the lake by two men with a crosscut saw, for storage in the icehouse on the First Island. Insulated under a blanket of straw, the ice usually kept until summer and went into cottage iceboxes. Of course, this was before electricity came to the lake. It would be grand to see horses hauling ice sleds across the lake again, but not today. Without snow cover, the surface is glare ice, smooth and slippery, dangerous even for two-legged animals.

Our snowmobile (we are riding double) fishtails and



threatens to spin out, and my father backs off the throttle. Still, we'll make it to the Bluegill Hole in about 4½ minutes I've timed it. Approaching the Second Island, I look down through the glasslike ice at the green weed beds and light brown sand bottom passing beneath us. There are now more than 20 cabins on the Second Island, one of them occupied year-round. When our family first came to the lake, nearly 30 years ago, there were only two shacks on the island. When my father first found the lake, nearly 50 years ago, there were none.

I remember the two shacks. Now the 20 or so A-frame, H-frame, duplex, triplex, uniplex, ranch-style cabins on the island, all with television antennas, offend me. They have made me old before my time. They cause me to say things to the boys like "Before those cabins were there. . . ."

Between the Second and First Islands, the aquatic vegetation passes quickly below us. I can imagine that we are standing still and the lake bottom is moving. I like the glare ice. Snow will come soon enough. It always does in northern Michigan. The dense green weed bed is suddenly yanked from beneath us, and we are cruising over a clear, watery grayness—the drop-off. The word still retains a sense of danger from childhood swimming, as in "Don't you dare go near the drop-off."

We cruise to a stop a hundred yards from the Bluegill Hole and the crowd of people. This is (1) an act of courtesy

*continued*

on our part so as not to frighten the fish, and (2) an act of antisocial behavior, because we would rather find fish away from the crowd. There are more people than it seemed from a distance, but that isn't unexpected. It's the week between Christmas and New Year's, the week of "first ice," and a frozen lake has a magnetic pull.

My father takes the ice spud and walks toward the island. He turns right, backs up, walks forward again a few paces and stops. "Right here," he says, jabbing the steel blade into the ice. Sharp slivers explode from the impact and skid, with a tinkling noise, across the smooth surface. The air is clean



and odorless, a reflective complement of the new ice.

"Out a little farther," I say, uncertain of our lineups—the birch tree on the island against the yellow house on the opposite shore as far out as the point of land to the south.

"Nah, right here," he says. And he spuds into the ice, littering its smoothness with pristine ice chips.

I look at the crowd of people. The fishermen are congregated in an area the size of a large city lot. They are at the Bluegill Hole, but it seems to me they are off-center just a bit, too near the cove. I watch them for activity—pulling in lines, baiting hooks, moving to other fishing holes, the quick jerk of a missed strike. Most of the fishermen are hunkered over the holes, sitting on a wide range of things that pass for stools—buckets, sleds, snowmobiles, folding chairs, homemade tackle boxes with ice runners. I am looking for a large old man wearing a plaid red and black mackinaw.

We just call him the Old Man. I think his name is Carl something. He lives a mile from the lake, alone, and is, by everyone's admission, the best fisherman the lake knows, winter or summer. He spits tobacco juice on the ice around his fishing holes. He also leaves the hulls of goldenrod stems, from which he has extracted, for bait, small yellow larvae with coal-black heads. From the tobacco juice and goldenrod hulls, you can tell which holes he has been fishing. Find one, walk away about 10 paces and you'll find the frozen remains of small bluegills and perch. Like many people in the area, he believes it isn't good to have so many small bluegills in the lake. The others become "stunted." Maybe they're right, but the lake has a healthy proportion of large bluegills. I return all my small bluegills to the lake but I leave the nuisance perch on the ice because I'm convinced there are too many of those.

Away from the others, though not very far, I see the heavy mackinaw. And the round head covered by the shiny leather of a World War II U.S. Army Air Force cap. The ear flaps are always up. His ears are always red, like two large tomato slices. The Old Man has made it through another summer, an extremely hot one. I'm glad.

I haven't spoken more than a couple hundred words to him in nearly 30 years, although I see him on the ice three or four times each winter. Once, when I was about 12, I asked if he was having any luck. "I don't call fishing luck, boy," was the answer. Two years later I asked if they were biting. "So-so," he said. Mostly we just nod at each other or maybe raise a hand. I wonder if my hair might not be too long.

Sometimes we find fish away from the Bluegill Hole, but only in two or three places and those within a hundred yards of the crowd. In summer there are very few places in the lake where you can drop a line and not catch bluegills, but in winter they are all at the south end. I know. I have spent hours, days, looking elsewhere on the 786 acres of the lake for a Bluegill Hole of our own. My father has just about given up the search, conceding that "they just go south for the winter." It is one of the winter mysteries of the lake, and I spend a dozen hours each season trying to solve it. One day, stubbornly, I chopped 50 well-scattered holes in the young ice and found only miniature perch. I hurried back to the Bluegill Hole that evening in the waning light just in time to catch a nice mess of 'gills. I had the place to myself by then, but that wasn't the point.

My father has his line in the water and is watching the cork bobber. He lifts the bobber from the water, jiggles the line and drops it again. It rests motionless for a moment and then dips quickly. He sets the hook and hauls in about 20 feet of nearly invisible monofilament line, until a squirming three-inch perch slithers from the hole. He removes his gloves, works the tiny hook free and tosses the fish aside. The perch skitters across the ice, flops briefly, straightens out, and is quickly welded to the smooth lake surface as fish-wetness turns to glazed ice. With difficulty, because the line is so hard to see and gets caught on ice chips, he works the line back into the hole and mutters something about too many perch in the lake. The bobber no sooner touches the water than he has another perch. Two or three more of these, without a bluegill, will have him digging another hole.

I walk away with the spud and chop a hole of my own. I love that ice spud. My father made it himself out of a four-foot section of galvanized pipe that he welded to a wedge of

hardened steel. He did this at the Buick Motor Division down in Flint, where he worked for 46 years. Unknowingly, General Motors has produced a lot of ice-fishing spuds along with automobiles.

I doubt that you can even buy an ice spud anymore. They have been nearly replaced by large augers, which look like giant corkscrews. They cut a perfectly round hole, as though someone had heated up a metal dish with a welding torch and then set it on the ice. The first augers were hand-operated and then, of course, someone rigged up a two-cycle motor drive.

The power augers are one of the new noises on the lake in wintertime. From a distance they sound like chain saws, another relatively new winter noise. Everyone in the north country now owns a chain saw. And a snowmobile.

I wonder what the Old Man thinks of all this new stuff out on the ice. I know what I think of it. Mostly, I don't like it, even if we did cross the lake in under five minutes. A half-hour walk would have been fine with me, but it would have offended my father, who relishes the fact that we are transported so quickly. I am an anomaly, resisting change. He is, after all, the one who remembers horses on the lake.



We fish away from the crowd and find only small perch. We move closer, into the crowd, and see a few bluegill scattered on the ice. We fish, unsuccessfully, until sunset, then pick up our gear, load it onto the snowmobile and head homeward. I'm still wondering about all this new stuff out on the ice. And at home. We will, thanks to the snowmobile, arrive in time for the six o'clock news. Television is relatively new to the lake, too.

The people and paraphernalia gathered around this frozen inland lake offer an interesting study in contemporary Michigan social trends. Most of the people are up from the southern counties for the Christmas holidays. Hold your left hand out in front of you, palm outward, and you have a ready-made map of Michigan's lower peninsula. Draw a line across the knuckles of your hand and anything below is known, redundantly, as "down below." Anything above is "up north." Down below are the automobile factories and, therefore, the population centers. Up north is the resort and woodland area. The lake I go to is situated somewhere on the middle knuckle of your forefinger.

Before Michigan's extensive north-south expressway system was built, the lake was much harder to reach from down below. Coming from Detroit, you had to drive through the cities of Pontiac, Flint, Saginaw and Bay City, and then through the smaller towns of Kawkawlin, Linwood, Pinconning and Standish, and then you had to slow down passing through Omer, Twining, Whittemore and Hale. Now, once you're on the expressway system, you can drive from Detroit to the lake and make only three turns.

But the expressway system isn't the only reason the lake is populated during Christmastime—and the rest of the winter, for that matter. Two other major technological innovations have helped. The snowmobile is one, television is the other.

The boys, my son and my nephew, are enraptured by both. I spend a great deal of time each winter trying to separate them from the evils of what I call snomovision. It is the posture associated with these activities that I object to. Both are done sitting down.

It would be difficult to say which has had the greatest impact on the northern Michigan woodlands. They appeared very early, and at the same time. WNEM-TV of Saginaw was the first to penetrate the Lake Huron side of the state after it built a 1,060-foot tower in 1956. Earlier, WPBN-TV of Traverse City and WWTV of Cadillac had started beaming signals into the woods on the Lake Michigan side. Full network viewing came with the addition of stations in Alpena and Cheboygan, creating a solid belt of mindless distraction across the north woods. And the migration began. Not only did people go north for winter holidays, but many decided to retire there as well. Businesses that normally closed for the winter months found it profitable to remain open. The influx of population created a winter economy where before there had been none. To the anthropologist, it might seem that television had replaced religion as the opiate of the people. TV provided an indoor diversion, the snowmobile brought transportation flexibility.

The impact of snomovision at the Bluegill Hole soon became apparent. Instead of 10 or 12 men and boys in wool mackinaws and hunting pants, there were 25 or 30 people, half of them wearing shiny nylon, rasping-as-they-walked, multi-emblemed, space-age snowmobile outfits. Water sloshed in the fishing holes with the passing of each snowmobile safari. Oldtimers, eager for a new excuse, claimed

*continued*

that this spooked the fish, and they cast disgruntled looks at the "weekenders."

"Water skiers in the summer and these people in the winter. They're probably the same people."

"I wish they had a Rose Bowl every day. Ever notice how quiet it is out here on New Year's Day?"

Still, we caught our bluegills. They are greedy and numerous, and I notice now that the Old Man doesn't even look up at the passing of a group of snowmobilers. He's busy baiting his hook or watching the bobber intently for another strike.

My grandmother claimed until her dying day that the very first Sputnik orbiting the earth altered forever the Michigan winter. With all respect to Grandmother, however, it may not have been Sputnik itself but the technology boom it spawned, which in time produced an arsenal of anti-winter weaponry that only makes a Michigan winter *seem* easier. Space-age fibers, for example, used in the insulation of both people and homes.

At any rate, a northern Michigan winter is much less formidable than those I spent in the pre-Sputnik, pre-expressway, pre-snowmobile days. Certainly there is more to do indoors than there used to be. Especially for the kids. For electronic entertainment, we as kids had a small table radio; we had to hold a hand on it to make it come in louder so that everyone in the room could hear.

These days, in the north woods, the kids who come up for a holiday have a full complement of Saturday morning TV cartoons to entertain them. The Bluegill Hole, which is where I want to take the boys, simply is no match for the Road Runner or the Pink Panther. And then there is Fran Tarkenton (of all people) in a commercial inserted slyly between cartoons, urging them to play electronic football when the cartoons are over. They can sit in a chair and play football with their thumbs.

The boys are Jake, my 11-year-old son, and Darren, my 9-year-old nephew. To them, having a good time at the lake is to watch TV and ride the snowmobile. Like any well-meaning, meddling adult, I am welded into the past and know what is best for them.

We have rules. One concerns electronic football. I've imposed a daylight curfew on that activity. One morning just after Christmas I heard them *beep-beeping* and arguing in a back bedroom. I burst in like an angry Vince Lombardi.

"All right, you guys, I caught you. You can play that game at night but not during the day."

"Well, what are we supposed to do?"

"Let's go ice fishing," I said.

"We went yesterday. They're not biting. All we catch are those stupid perch."

"Maybe today the bluegills are biting," I suggested.

"Why don't you go find out and then come back and get us?" Jake said.

I wisely abstained from a long and hopeless lecture on "earning" the fish.

"O.K.," I said. "No fishing. But let's go outside and do something."

"What?"

"You guys think of something."

"SNOWMOBILING!" they shouted in chorus.

For the tenth time I explained that Grandpa thought the glare ice was too hard on snowmobile runners and didn't want to run the machines—except to visit the Bluegill Hole, of course—until we got snow. Despite the obvious bribe, the Bluegill Hole still didn't appeal to them.

"Think of something else," I said.

They couldn't, and neither could I. A big problem was the unexpected lack of snow for Christmas.

"O.K. Look," I said finally. "Let's just get the soccer ball and kick it around on the ice."

And like three modern-day Abner Doubledays, we invented the game of hoccer. Or sockey. All you need is a frozen lake, a soccer ball and four old automobile tires used for boat bumpers in the summer.



You put two tires at either end for goals, defining any length you want the playing field to be, and go from there. The rules sort of develop by themselves. But you do have to have hard, smooth, glare ice to really appreciate the game. Snow on the ice slows and stabilizes the game too much. Playing on glare ice is like climbing a playground slide wearing roller skates. You take four steps before you begin to move. Usually backward.

It was Jake and Darren on one side and Walter Mitty on the other. Mitty, for the first hour or so, was, ahem, outstanding. He used both cunning and guile to lure the kids out of position and then boomed 50-foot kicks between the "goal posts." He developed a

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*The pleasure is back.*

# BARCLAY

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shot—one had to watch closely for the opportunity—between the two defenders through the tiniest of openings. Because of the ice, you could attempt this shot 20 feet away from the defenders and watch gleefully as they helplessly tried to scramble toward the ball on the slippery surface. The best way to block a shot was to go all out in the classic goalie maneuver, throwing a leg out and sliding across the ice. I won the first two games easily, 10–2, 10–4.

Then the kids discovered teamwork. They learned to approach my goal from either side, luring me out of position, and then actually passing to each other. Still, I won the third game 10–6. They were getting stronger and I was getting tired, but I discovered a way to gain a much-needed timeout. I deliberately kicked the ball, hard, wide of the goal and watched it skitter a few hundred feet along the lake shore, one of the kids in hot pursuit. I then collapsed on one of the tires and caught my breath. Refreshed, I pulled out the last game, a 10–9 cliff-hanger.

I went to bed early that night, exhausted but doubly victorious. Not only had I beaten the boys four games to none, but I had also thoroughly beaten snomovision for one day. The kids had spent most of the day outside on the lake, as they should have.

The next morning I was awakened early and abruptly by two fired-up ex-snomovision fanatics.

"Come on. Get up, Dad."

"Yeh, get up, Uncle Ronnie. We want to play hoccer."

"Sockey."

"Hoccer."

"Sockey. It's sockey, isn't it, Dad?"

"Mmmmmm. Why don't you guys go watch television?"

But I got up, and the entire day, with a couple hours off for lunch, was spent playing on the lake. The boys started beating me. We played until dark again. Once more I had beaten snomovision, but the price was high. I limped to bed.

"Dad, it snowed."

Like first ice, there is something special about the first serious snowfall of the season. It is both an ending and a beginning. The lawn, that same thick lawn which under the summer sun is a heaven for crickets, ants, earthworms, fireflies, frogs, grasshoppers, gophers and mosquitoes—the summer lawn vibrant and alive with thousands of crawly things—is now a frozen white sterile desert. Something indeed has ended. But the whiteness and cleanness of the new snow, untracked and unsoiled, a soft, white, inviting carpet returned like an old friend, says to children and some adults, too: Dress warmly and come play. A fresh snow, seen through the windows of a warm house, transmits excitement into that house. Something new is afoot.

The kids were dressed early and were outside waiting for Grandpa and, yes, the first bonafide snowmobile ride of the winter. Even Grandpa hurried through breakfast. The snowmobile fired up noisily, almost obscenely, warming and waking up like a metallic yellow and black bear roused from its den, smoking, fuming, sputtering, but soon running smoothly. Even then, we had to shout over it to be heard.

I have never looked at a snowmobile through the eyes of a child, and perhaps this explains my antagonism. It is alien to my childhood memories of the lake, and therefore distasteful. To the boys, reared in this space age, it must have looked like Pegasus. They hopped on behind my father, and the machine, growling and popping, took them down the short incline to the lake and across it faster than any team of horses. I listened until they were out of earshot. Then the sounds of other machines succeeded theirs, and I was left standing in the soft morning snow, the gentle flakes still coming down, the wind very still, but the morning calmness obliterated by the hornets' nest out on the lake. Nobody ever wrote "I hear those snowmobiles go jing-jing-jing-a-ling on. . . ." Before going inside for coffee and the morning paper, I counted 16 machines on the lake.

The boys' ride lasted until lunchtime, almost three hours. They returned exhilarated, their cheeks rosy with winter health, telling of races with other snowmobiles, of jumping a small hill, of climbing a very large and steep hill and almost "spinning out" near the top. They made snowmobile noises to emphasize their stories. The kids were wound up with unspent energy—they had, after all, been sitting on their butts for three hours.

Snomovision had won Round 1 for the day. But I thought I could win Round 2 for the good ol' days.

"Hey, I've got an idea," I said.

"What?" said one.

"What?" said the other.

"What what what?" I mocked them.

"What what what what what?" They were jumping up and down now.

"It's a game we used to play called Track 'Em Up," I said.

"How do you play?"

"Well, we have just what we need, a fresh snow. All we do is go over to one of the islands. I start running and you guys count to a hundred, and then you try to track

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me in the snow. To win, all you have to do is see me."

It sounded good to them, though I did have to include a snowmobile ride to the island as a bribe. And I knew what was in their minds. After humoring me through my silly game, they would try to get me to take them for another marathon ride.

We covered what would have been a five-minute walk in about 15 seconds. I shut the thing off. They started to count and I ran off into the woods. They were up to 50 before I was out of sight.

The Third Island, just across the lake from my folks' place, is uninhabited. There are the remains of one cabin, a very old structure, half of it log with moss chinking, the other half conventional frame construction, whose history I could never learn. I ran to the cabin and saw by tracks on the snow that a group of snowmobilers had already paid a visit. I wrote THIS WAY in the snow with a stick and put a long arrow after it so the boys wouldn't be confused by the other tracks.

I jogged for five minutes around the periphery of the island, nearly back to the snowmobile, and then cut inland, intercepting my earlier tracks and those of the boys. I was now tracking them as they tracked me. They would have to come completely around before they caught on and I could spy on them from behind. Which is exactly what I did.

I got close enough to hear them congratulate themselves for deciphering a maneuver in which I had backtracked and then leaped to one side. I was also within hearing when they came across the intersection of our trails.

"Hey! He's following us." Excitement, anticipation. Snomovision was on the ropes, bleeding from the nose. Jake figured it out.

"You follow the tracks back the way we came and I'll follow them this way," he said to Darren.

They had me. With the leaves and foliage gone, the island is too small to hide on for long. I surrendered.

"Hey, that was fun," Darren said. "Let's do it again."

"Yeah. Let's do it again."

"O.K." I said. "But we'll have to go to another island. This one is all tracked up."

"Yippee. Another snowmobile ride."

"Yahoo!"

We noised to the near end of the First Island in about 3½ minutes. I already had a plan.

"This time count to two hundred," I said.

First Island is much larger and has virgin pine on it providing a *thick* canopy *cover overhead. There was only* a dusting of snow underneath, on the brown needles, just enough so that the boys could track me. I ran close to the trunk of the huge tree I had in mind, ran on to the edge of the island into the brown bulrushes along the lake, and stopped. A hundred yards away, across the bare white expanse of frozen, snow-covered lake, was the Bluegill Hole, with eight or 10 fishermen there. One of them was the Old Man with the red and black mackinaw. I sort of knew he'd be there.

Stepping backward, I retraced my footprints so that it appeared I had run into the bulrushes and suddenly disappeared. *I* backtracked to the pine and hoisted myself off the ground into the lower branches. The other branches whorled above me like wagon spokes, one axle for each year. I began climbing the large branches of the early 1900s.

The lower branches were sturdy and even-spaced and I climbed easily through the teens and into the 1920s, a time when Ernest Hemingway fished and hunted in northern Michigan. Then into the 1930s when my father first found the lake and rented a cabin—with kerosene lanterns because electricity was unavailable. I climbed through the '40s up into the '50s, when I was first introduced to the lake. The climbing was harder and more uncertain but I made it into the '60s, when snomovision came, and nearly up to the '70s, the era my son and nephew know. Here the branches were small and thick and treacherous, and I could go no higher. The view from that height was both exhilarating and depressing; there were so many cabins and machines on the lake. I knew there would never be another team of horses.



The boys were closing in on me. I could hear them coming through the woods breaking branches and quizzing each other as to where I would be. In a few years the lake would be theirs to use as they wished.

I looked down upon the ice fishermen. Activity seemed slow. I could see a mixture of artifacts, old and new: wool clothing vs. polyester, ice spuds vs. power augers, snowmobiles vs. hand-pulled sleds. Rock-and-roll music poured from a transistor radio. The Old Man pulled out what appeared to be, from this distance, a nice bluegill. I wondered if he had a television set at his home, where he lived alone. I certainly hoped so. **END**

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# A Page out of NFL history

by E.M. Swift

***Retired Alan Page will not miss football as much as it will miss him***

Alan Page's wife, Diane, sat huddled against the 12° cold in Chicago's Soldier Field last Sunday. "Alan's been counting down the days with a smile on his face," she said. She recalled the time more than three months before when Alan suddenly blurted out "Dan Hampton" during their daily five-mile jog.

"What?" she asked.

"Dan Hampton." Hampton, a defensive end, is No. 99 on the Bears, and Page had determined he had 99 days left until his retirement. He came up with a new name every day thereafter, tapping various NFL rosters.

"Last week we passed Vince Evans, Number 8," Diane said. "Well. Now we're down to Ken Burrough of Houston. Double zero."

The family Christmas card read simply "Bearing Retirement News/the Pages '82." It showed Diane and Alan sitting in the stands of Soldier Field. Now, before Alan's 218th and final NFL game, Papa Bear himself, George Halas, presented Page with a plaque inscribed: WITH APPRECIATION AND ADMIRATION FOR THE ENJOYMENT YOU HAVE BROUGHT SO MANY. With typical aplomb, in accepting the gift Page quoted Tennyson: "I am a part of all that I have met." He then went out and led a Bear defense that scored two touchdowns as Chicago upset Denver 35–24. Page sacked Bronco Quarterback Craig Morton 3½ times and earned a game ball, a fitting end to the career of one of the finest defensive players in the history of the NFL.

In Page's 15-year career as a defensive tackle, he played in four Super Bowls, eight Pro Bowls and was named All-Pro nine times—the last, a mark matched only by Pittsburgh's Joe Greene and former Baltimore Colt Gino Marchetti among defensive linemen. He started 215 games in a row for the Vikings and the Bears, had a total of 173 sacks and blocked what is believed to be a record 28 kicks, including one against Oakland two weeks ago. Page also shares the NFL record for most safeties in a career (3) and most fumbles returned for touchdowns (3). But he is probably most renowned as the only defensive player to be voted the league's MVP, an honor he earned in 1971. "For my own purposes, I don't know whether 1971 was any better than the years before that or the years after," he says. "But it happens to be when I got the recognition."

Ask Page to recall the highs and lows of those 15 years, and he comes up dry. With prodding, he'll guess that the finest team he ever played on was the 1969 Vikings, which lost to Kansas City 23–7 in Super Bowl IV; that Carl Eller and Jim Marshall, his erstwhile Minnesota teammates, were the best defensive linemen he ever saw. He doesn't remember much about specific offensive linemen—except that they were always there, trying to keep him from doing his job. His worst moment was probably when the Vikings unceremoniously put him on waivers in mid-1978 after he had allowed his weight to drop to 222 from 245; his best was the whole 3½-season Chicago experience—the support he received from the coaching staff and fans, and his own play. In the 58 games he played for the Bears, he led the team with 40 sacks and 12 blocked kicks.




"I tend to look at the broad picture instead of specific instances," Page says. "It's been more than a little bit fun, more than a little bit interesting, but I guess what I'm saying is that it hasn't been all that important. Football's just entertainment. Its importance in the world is blown far out of proportion to what it really is."

How many times before this season had he thought about retirement? "More than once. The first time, after nine years in the league, I didn't have anything else to do, anywhere else to go. That's when I decided to go to law school."

Page passed the Minnesota bar exam in 1979 and since then has been working winters and springs with the Minneapolis firm of Lindquist & Vennum, which serves as counsel to the NFL Players Association. He has been specializing in labor law, and it's more than likely that he will be involved in the forthcoming negotiations between the players and the owners regarding a new player contract. Last summer Page had to give himself a pep talk to return to the Bears for

the final year of his contract. "It was hard leaving the law firm, where I'm constantly challenged, to come back to the toy department. Football is an occupation in which you don't grow very much. That aspect of this business has always been a turn-off."

When Page does bring up memories, they are not of Super Bowl losses or playoff wins, not of tackles or sacks or fumble recoveries—"The best thing about recovering a fumble is that you get to go sit down." They are of the odd human moments that are part of any game. Like the time in training camp when Carl Eller took off his helmet and told Minnesota Coach Bud Grant, "I ain't running no more" at the end of the day's second workout in the blazing heat, to the shock of the rookies and the delight of Page and Marshall. "When I came into the league in 1967," Page says, "there were 40 different personalities on every team. Now there's much less individuality. There are a lot of born-again Christian types—which is a ticklish subject to discuss—but it might be a reflection of the kind of player that management picks. They're followers, less individual. Whatever it is they're told to do, they do. It's almost like they've been stamped out with a cookie cutter."

Which Page most certainly was not. When he was told he couldn't play tackle at 222, he was all the more determined to prove that he could. And he proved it. He's still believed to be the only NFL player to have completed a marathon, and now that he's leaving football he intends to concentrate his competitive energies on running. He claims he will have his weight down to 190 before long, and, as Diane says, "Now that he's said it, he'll have to do it."

Page has lived in the regimented world of professional football, and he has excelled in that world while remaining true to himself. How could he play the game so well for so long without loving it? Without becoming caught up in the hoopla? Without even being able to wax sentimental in the final week of his career? "You'd think you'd have to love what you're doing to play in the fashion that I have," he says. "But I don't love it. I've just always done the best I could. Maybe it's got me buffaloed. Maybe I don't *realize* I love the game of football. But somehow I don't think I'm going to miss all this."

But football will miss him. **END**






# Birds Thou Never Wert

**Unsuccessful in their search for an extremely rare woodpecker, three avid bird watchers construct the ultimate birds, one just this side of paradise and the other straight from the junkyard**

by George Plimpton



CONTINUED

Almost all bird watchers I know have their favorite bird, very likely because they hope to be reincarnated as that species in another life. I, for example, have always favored the hadada ibis, a plump curved-bill bird that frequents African water holes, standing on the broad limb of an acacia tree and peering down at what goes on below—the emergence, say, of a crocodile onto a mudbank. Certainly more interesting than becoming a wren and being pretty much limited to what occurs within the confines of an ordinary lilac bush.

Bird watchers very often become known to others of the fraternity by their "bird" rather than their own names. Someone will yell across a street, "Hey, Hadada!" and I will turn and recognize a bird-watching friend. I wave. "Hooded Warbler! How goes it?"

Roger Tory Peterson, the most famous U.S. bird watcher and author of the best-selling Peterson bird guides, is known as "King Penguin." Indeed, he has decorated the walls of his bathroom in Old Lyme, Conn. with a large crowd of his favorite birds; there they are, poised on ice floes, one of them about to dive into his bathtub. He told me once that the water seemed to cool more quickly in that tub than it did in others he had been in.

My two closest bird-watching friends are Hooded Warbler, the fellow who yelled across the street, and Peppershrike. Their real names are Victor Emanuel and John Rowlett. Their "bird" names were bestowed on them by other bird watchers because they rather *look* like those two species. Actually, Emanuel identifies with the Eskimo curlew, an extraordinarily rare shorebird he saw on Galveston Island, Texas in 1959. As for species, he is very fond of the hawk family. Rowlett has preferred owls since childhood, when he realized the three letters that spell the bird were embedded in his own name.

Both have an enthusiasm for birds that is all-consuming. Both are experts and lead birding tours professionally. When Emanuel comes to New York City, he wears a pair of binoculars on the streets just on the off chance, I have always supposed, he might spot a peregrine falcon drop off the cornice of a building and pounce on the back of a pigeon far below. Rowlett is no less intense. When he sees a rare bird, or indeed *any* bird, his face shines with pleasure and he often cries out, "Yip! Yip! Yip!" Emanuel's reaction in similar situations is a more common but hardly less subdued "Wow!" or often, "Oh my God!"

A few years ago, Emanuel, Rowlett and I (or Hooded Warbler, Peppershrike and Hadada Ibis, if you prefer) went into the high pine country of the Sierra Madre in northern Mexico to try to find a bird called the imperial ivory-billed woodpecker. The bird is, or was, the world's largest woodpecker—almost two feet in length, the size of a raven. The imperial is probably extinct. It hasn't been seen authoritatively since 1954 when a dentist named W.L. Rheim spotted a pair 100 kilometers south of Durango; four years later, returning to the area, the dentist encountered an Indian on a trail who was carrying a huge dead woodpecker, an imperial, very likely one of the same pair seen earlier.

There had been a great many "Yip! Yip! Yips!" and "Oh my Gods!"—the area has wonderful indigenous species: the trogons, the thick-billed parrots and the Coues' flycatchers with their lovely

Around the fire Plimpton (Hadada Ibis, left) and friends Emanuel (Hooded Warbler) and Rowlett (Peppershrike) stir the embers of their imaginations.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY LARRY WINBORG

songs—but the huge pine forests stretching across the mountains to the horizon seemed empty of the great woodpecker, as if the species had been wiped out by a pestilence. From time to time we could hear the high, distant whine of saws drifting on the wind from a logging camp, a sound that almost surely identified the cause of the bird's extinction. One evening on the trail we met a logger who told us that 14 years earlier he had shot and eaten an imperial ivory-billed woodpecker. Victor, who had been translating for us, said, "He tells me that it was un *gran pedazo de carne*—a great piece of meat." I could not help staring at the gold tooth that shone from the Mexican's mouth as he smiled innocently at us.

That evening in camp, perhaps to get our minds off the melancholy of the search, I suggested that because our chances of spotting the imperial ivory-bill were almost nonexistent, we should *invent* a bird, a bird as magnificent as what we were looking for, in fact even better—the "perfect" bird.

Peppershrike stirred the coals. "A perfect bird?"

I told them I had once done something similar with football players. I described a chapter from a book I had done with Bill Curry, once an All-Pro center and now the football coach at Georgia Tech. We did a section on a "perfect" football quarterback—a composite constructed of the best physical attributes from NFL quarterbacks. I remembered enough to tell my friends that the super-composite quarterback had Dan Pastorini's strong arm, John Unitas' accuracy, Bart Starr's play-calling genius and two contributions from Fran Tarkenton—the quickness of his feet and his peripheral vision, what Alex Hawkins, Curry's teammate on the Baltimore Colts, often referred to as Tarkenton's "perennial vision."

Curry and I had also entertained ourselves with the construction of a "worst" composite, which ran as an article in SI (Oct. 11, 1976)—an imaginary player composed of some of the more woeful features lifted from the league's athletes. These included such appurtenances as Bubba Smith's feet—ugly, astonishingly long with yellow toenails; Taz Anderson's knees—10 operations had been performed on them; Alex Karras' eyesight, which was so poor that he once said he played by a kind of violent Braille system; and Joe Scibelli's breath, which Karras described as turning the area of the line of scrimmage into the "back room of a Limburger factory."

John and Victor were amused by this, but when I suggested that we might try the same exercise with birds, putting together not only the "perfect" specimen but also a grotesque composite made up of birds' more unfortunate aspects, they were a bit skeptical.

"Why tamper with things that are perfect?" Victor asked. He went on to say that he had such a bias against anything artificial in a natural state (he would accept skyscrapers, as he put it, in a city, but not in a jungle) that he felt uncomfortable removing parts of a bird and shifting them around for a composite, especially to put together the world's *worst* bird. That was a contradiction in terms. There was no such thing.

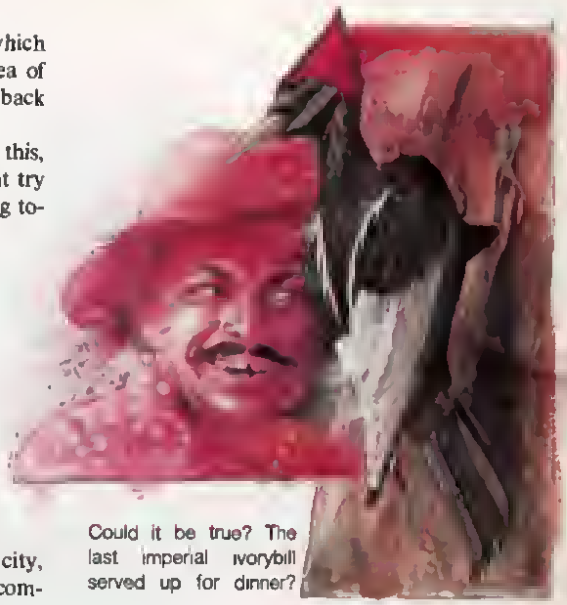
But he poked at the fire and said that he would try. He wanted to start with the perfect bird. He said he was going to have to "work himself" into the game before attempting the grotesque specimen. "Let's see," he said. "I suppose we ought to start with flight. Certainly, that's one of the main components of a bird's beauty. So perhaps we'd give our perfect bird the fantastic flight of the swift, which is the essence of flight. The swift flies all the time; you almost never see the bird perched. But he doesn't have much of a song, sort of a chirp, which I like," he added as if not to hurt the swift's feelings, "so that if we gave him the song of the slate-colored solitaire. . . ."

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" Rowlett exclaimed.

"It would be very bizarre," Victor went on. "One usually hears the solitaire's song from the crevice of a canyon, cascading, pure notes that descend the scale in half tones, but imagine it pealing out of the sky from *above*!" Victor was beginning to get excited. "What a combination," he said. "If it existed, it would be one of the wonders of the world."

"What about his coloration?" I asked. "Swifts are very drab."

"He would be iridescent, wouldn't he?" Victor asked. "Emerald green with a red or a sapphire throat. Hummingbird iridescence."



Could it be true? The last imperial ivorybill served up for dinner?

"If the sun caught him as he flew," John added, "he'd become inflamed."

We stared into the fire, its coals pulsing as if to offer us inspiration.

"Eyes?" I asked.

"The eyes I like are hawks'!" John said. "Fierce, yellow."

"Yes, but you wouldn't want to see a hawk's eyes in a swift," Victor said.

"I think we need a sort of limpid eye," I suggested.

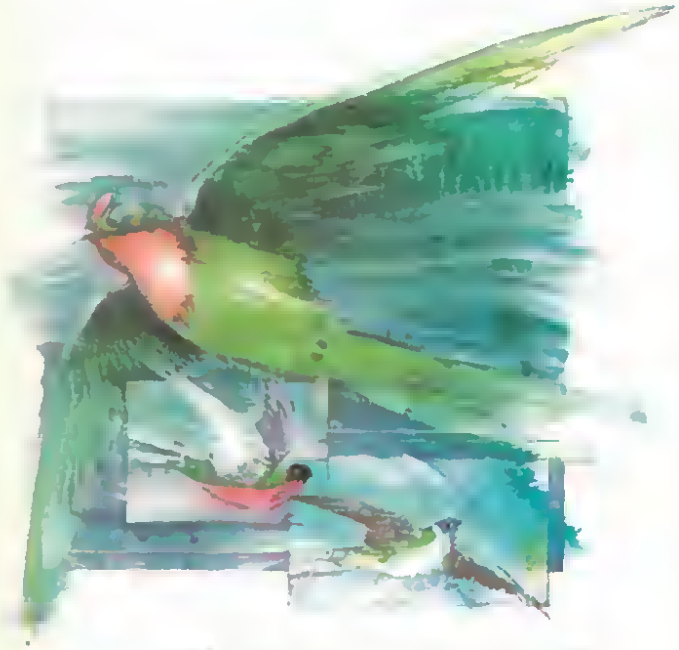
"What's wrong with the swift's eye?" Victor asked. "When you talk about perfection, one of the beautiful things in nature is symmetry . . . the proper eye for the proper bird. To have a large eye like a hawk's would absolutely destroy the symmetry of a swift . . . it would be this big eye sailing by."

Rowlett agreed, but he felt that *something* could be done about the bird's eye—the swift's was simply a black bead. "Perhaps we could enlarge his eye, if only slightly. The veery has a nice black eye."

"Yes," Victor acknowledged. "Give him the veery's. Of course, with all that iridescence and the speed of the swift going by, it's not going to mean much. A delicate touch, though."

I asked about his bill. I mentioned that I had always been taken with the appearance and conformity of the avocet's bill . . . a long, thin bill with a distinctive and jaunty upturn at the end.

*continued*



*Melodiapus superbus* the superb song swift, flaunting its magnificent iridescence in three early versions.

"It's a beautiful bill . . . for an avocet," Victor said. "But that's a shorebird's bill. You can't put it on a swift. The combination would make it look like a guided missile in the sky."

"I agree," John said. "We'd better leave the swift with his own bill or we're going to have trouble. Let's spruce him up in other ways. What about some puffiets around the legs, like a puff-leg hummingbird's?"

"What *about* the legs?" I asked. "Could we give him more substantial legs than the swift's, which are so tiny, and have them sort of let down like an airplane's gear when he lands? Think of a swift standing in a field on a curlew's legs!"

Victor was skeptical. "Legs like that would have to trail out behind him. We're getting grotesque. The swift has evolved to catch insects in the air, and that's why his legs are tiny and out of the way. If we put long legs on him and puffiets, and a big bill, why the whole specimen becomes as ungainly as a helicopter. It could no more catch insects than a boomerang. No," Victor concluded, "now our bird is beginning to look like a Chinese pagoda. Let's stick to Danish architecture."

"A tail wouldn't burden him," said Rowlett. I had the feeling that John wasn't as disturbed by the disassembling and reconstruction of birds as Victor. Or perhaps he was just reacting to his puffiets being dismissed so peremptorily.

"Well, we could give him the forktailed flycatcher's tail," Victor said. "Or even the quetzal's—that lovely emerald tail that the Aztec Emperor Montezuma used in his headdress. A replica hangs in the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. He would have to be a very large swift to handle such a thing. Of course, not being much on agile insects, he would feed on the more ponderous butterflies."

"Do we want a crest on him?" I asked.

"A titmouse crest might do," John suggested. "Or the tufted flycatcher's."

Victor said, "Of course, there *is* a crested swift. It's probably best to give the swift his own crest." He leaned forward and stirred the fire. "The most important thing about him," he went on, "is that the bird should be rare. Anyone who wants to see him has to struggle to do so. Only after great effort, preferably climbing high into the mountains, into the canyons of the highest Andes, would one be rewarded by the dazzling sight of this bird. First you'd hear the song and then it would sweep by, this incredible vision. . . . I mean the bird shouldn't be anything you'd just swing open the back screen door and walk into the yard to see by the feeder."

Rowlett said he had a name for him. "The iridescent song swift!"

"The iridescent song swift! Oh my God, that's terrific!" Victor exclaimed. He could barely contain himself. "Wait a minute," he said. "Iridescent is wrong. It gives away the look of the bird too much. The iridescence should be a surprise when the birder sees the what . . . the . . ." he snapped his fingers ". . . the *superb* song swift. That's it. The superb song swift!"

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" Rowlett cried.

Victor was on his feet. "Oh my God," he said. "This is terrible! We've invented a bird I won't be able to see. The superb song swift." He looked into continued



The crested swift (right) was the first model for the superb. Rejected parts (from left): quetzal tail, hawk eye, curlew legs, hummingbird puffiets, avocet bill, titmouse crest.



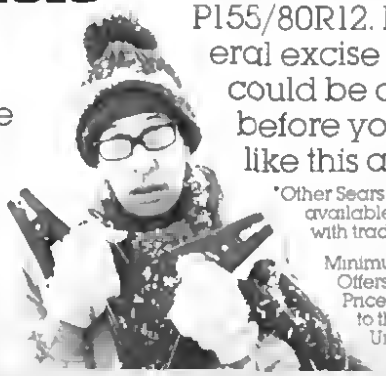
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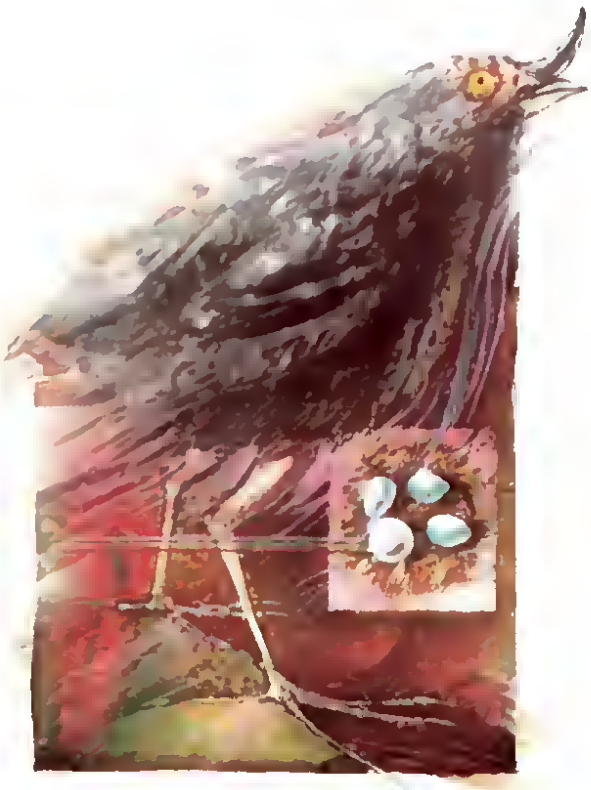
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*Vulgaris giganteus raucus vaccaves*: The common giant cacophonous cowbird lays its Ping-Pong egg in others' nests

the surrounding darkness. "I can hear that song coming out of the air. Oh my God! Now we'll have to organize a special expedition!"

After the euphoria of constructing the superb song swift, it was difficult to redirect my two companions to the composite of a "worst bird." Rowlett began by suggesting that perhaps the solution was to construct a bird out of the features one doesn't associate with birds—feathers that look like stiff hair, like a kiwi's or a cassowary's. "It should prefer not to fly," he added.

Victor said, "Certainly one of its distinctions is that it gets in your way all the time. You see it when you're looking for another bird. When you're focusing your glasses on something in a bush, on what you think might be a Swainson's warbler, or something special and wonderful, suddenly out comes this thing."

"What about giving it the flight of the groove-billed ani," I suggested, mentioning a bird that in the air looks as though it's coming apart, a wing fluttering down here, a tail floating off there.

"If it does fly, it should have a lumbering and ungainly flight," Victor said. "It has rounded, short wings. It sort of pumps along."

"It should defecate like a night heron taking off from a tree," I suggested. "And, of course, it should do that an unconscionable amount of time."

"Yes," said Victor. "But I don't see the bird as being as large as a black-crowned night heron. It should be a chunky, medium-sized bird, without distinguishing redeeming features."

Rowlett said he felt that the bird should have almost no coloration. The entire plumage should be shiny black, because black was the color of birds that most associate with man: starlings, grackles, cowbirds.

"It *should* be a cowbird type," Victor said. "Definitely. In fact, why don't we start with the cowbird as a model and add onto it?"

"Beaks," I said. "What about giving him one of those big ugly beaks? How about a razorbill's? Or a puffin's?"

Victor agreed that the bills of those birds were odd-looking, but he felt they were too large to put on a cowbird, even an enlarged specimen. "They'd keep toppling forward from the weight of those beaks. What about giving him a tooth?"

"A tooth?" John asked.

"Or a pair of lips," Victor went on.

"That's not fair," I said. "The properties have to be those of a bird."

"Well, then I think we ought to stick to the cowbird beak," Victor said.

"What about his tail?" I asked. "A woodpecker's? That stiff tail with which he props himself up against a tree trunk." John and Victor thought for a while. The embers shifted in the fire. Beyond the circle of light the darkness of the mountain night was profound; we seemed contained in a compartment by the surrounding pines, our faces bright: We were plotters.

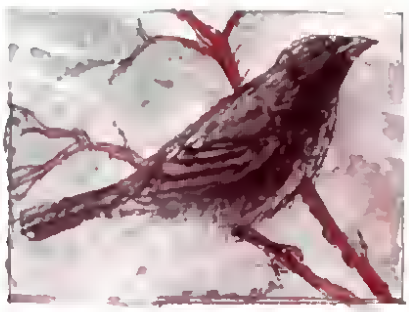
"No tail," Victor said conspiratorially, as if he were divulging an appalling indiscretion to us. "Let's leave it off completely. The big feature of his body should be his legs, to de-emphasize the birdlike characteristics of flight. The legs should be powerful, with big, feminine thighs, like a tiny ostrich's or an emu's. The cowbird's body can sit on top of that."

"It should have very prominent feet," I suggested. "Grebe-like. The grebe has appalling feet."

Rowlett looked slightly uncomfortable. Victor explained: "John's sister, Rose Ann, is called 'the Grebe.' That's her bird name—the Western grebe for her long neck and style."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

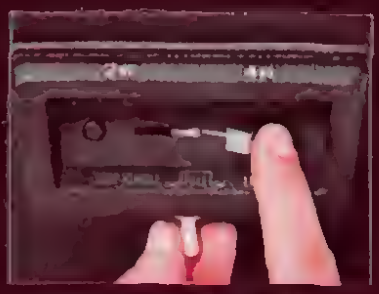
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The cowbird (right) was the basic model for the cacophonous. Rejected parts (from left) rezorbill beak, puffin beak, grebe feet, horned guan horn, ocellated turkey warts, woodpecker tail



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"Even her mother calls her 'the Grebe,' " Victor went on. "At the dinner table she'll ask, 'I wonder if the Grebe is at the movies tonight?' "

"Well, what about the coot's feet?" I suggested. "They're good and ugly."

Victor stirred the fire. "We might run into some trouble there, too. Jim Tucker's wife, Cilla, is known as the Coot."

"Who's Jim Tucker?" I asked.

"He's the executive director of the American Birding Association."

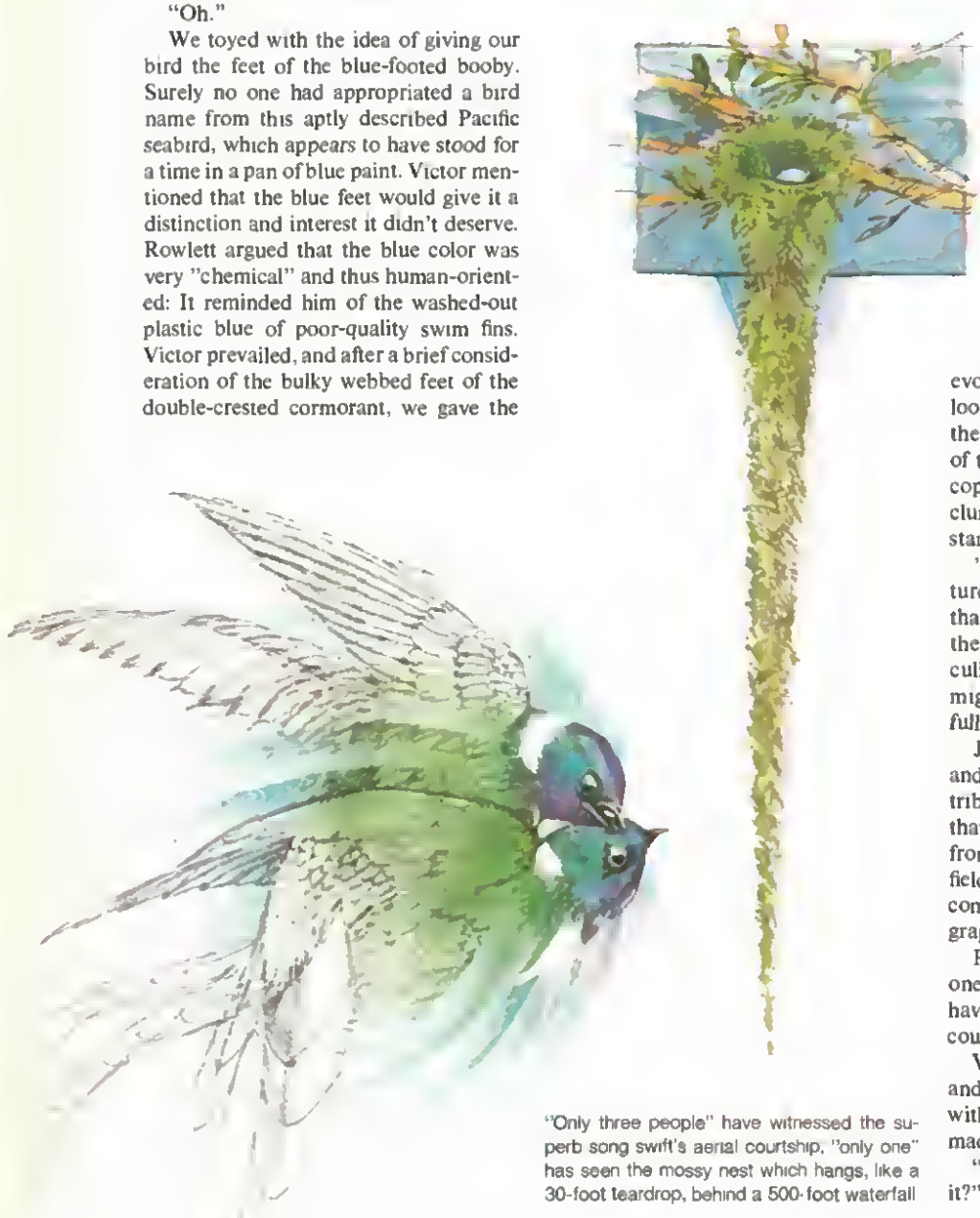
"Oh."

We toyed with the idea of giving our bird the feet of the blue-footed booby. Surely no one had appropriated a bird name from this aptly described Pacific seabird, which appears to have stood for a time in a pan of blue paint. Victor mentioned that the blue feet would give it a distinction and interest it didn't deserve. Rowlett argued that the blue color was very "chemical" and thus human-oriented: It reminded him of the washed-out plastic blue of poor-quality swim fins. Victor prevailed, and after a brief consideration of the bulky webbed feet of the double-crested cormorant, we gave the bird the feet of a jacana or lily-trotter—water birds whose feet are distinguished by abnormally long, witch-finger toes.

"It would help," Rowlett said, "if something was invariably impaled on those fingery toes—bubble-gum wrappers, squashed paper cups, and so on."

"You're sure no one has the lily-trotter as a bird name?" I asked.

"Probably," Victor said. "We'll just have to hope whoever he or she is hasn't a short temper."



"Only three people" have witnessed the superb song swift's aerial courtship, "only one" has seen the mossy nest which hangs, like a 30-foot teardrop, behind a 500-foot waterfall

"What's the name of this grim fowl?" I asked.

"Well, part of his name, for all the clatter he makes, might be cacophonous," Victor said. "In fact, he might be referred to as the cacophonous, as in 'Was that a cacophonous I heard over t'other side of the junkyard?' "

"A grackle?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no, no," said Victor. "He's a parasite, a cowbird. He's huge, of course, for a cowbird, so that would make him the giant cacophonous cowbird. And, unfortunately, he's abundant and widespread, so that makes him the common giant cacophonous cowbird."

"What about his habits?" I asked.

Rowlett felt it should be constantly in motion. "He leaps up and down a lot. Perhaps they should make a sound when they hop, like a man lifting up a barbell: ugh, ugh, ugh! That's how those ostrich thighs have evolved. A big hopper. He hops up to look over things—tall grass or hedges—the way a rabbit does. You're on one side of the hedge and all of a sudden the cacophonous materializes on the other, a clump of a thing at the top of its hop, staring straight at you."

"The eye. That's an important feature," I mentioned. I went on to suggest that the strange yellowish button eye of the flamingo had always struck me as peculiarly alarming in its lifelessness and might be a good candidate. "It's an awfully dead eye," I said.

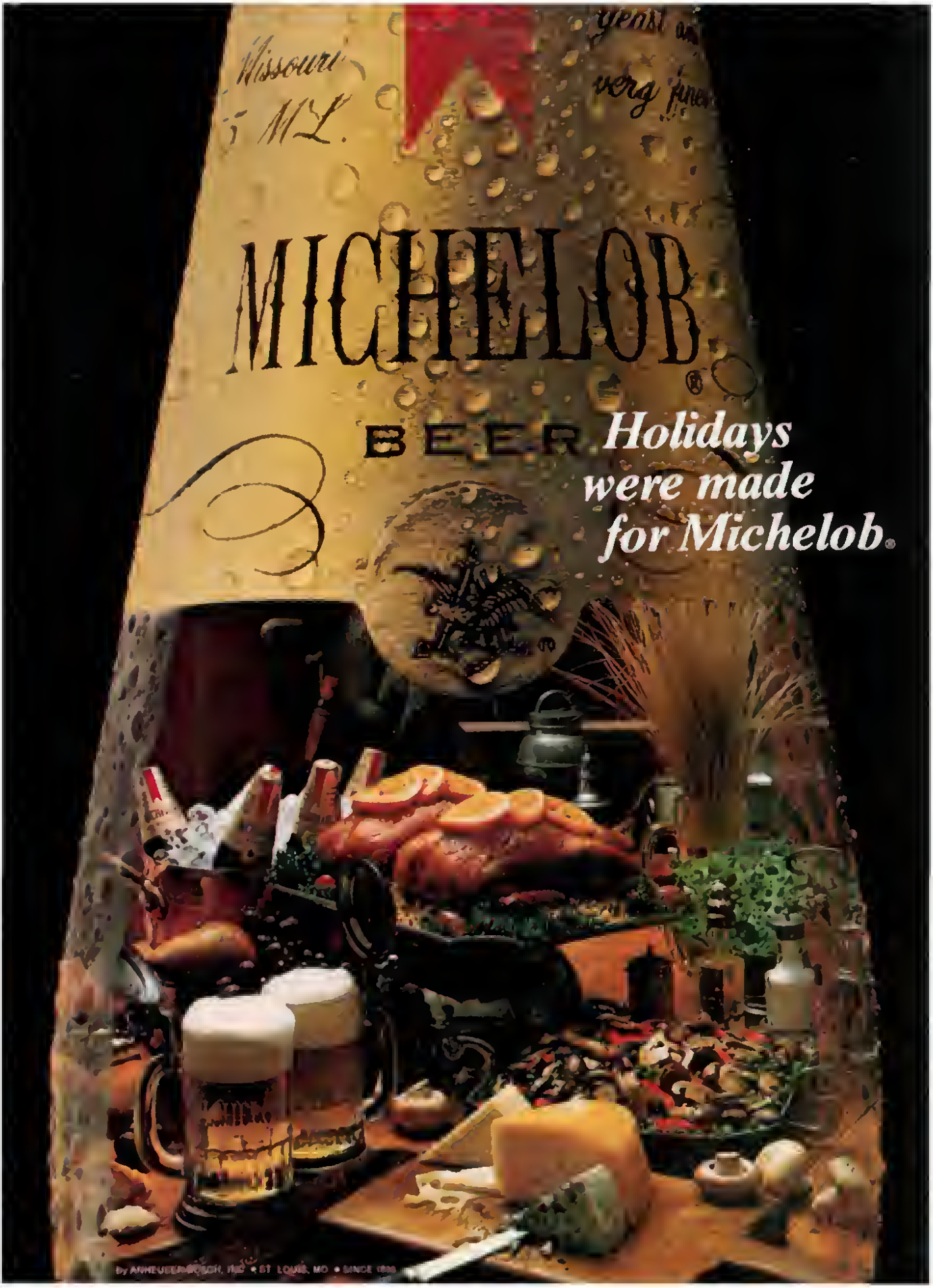
John and Victor nodded. I felt smug and contented to have made a small contribution to the bird. I didn't tell them that my field observations were made not from the wild but from a picnic in the infield of Hialeah Park. A flamingo had come over and taken a long look at a grape on my paper plate.

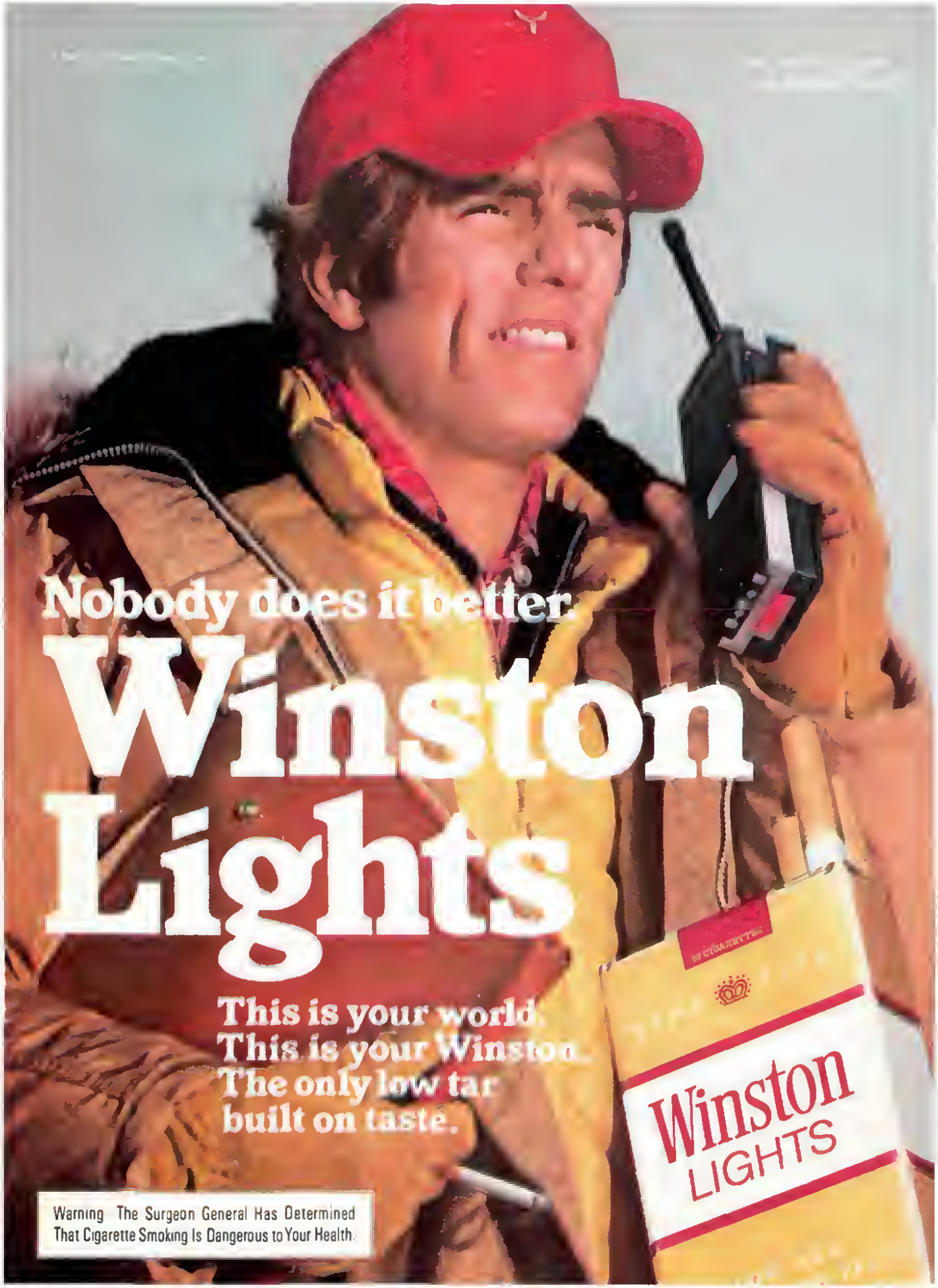
Rowlett was saying that he thought one side of the cacophonous' head could have an eye stripe, and the other side could have an eye-ring.

Victor demurred. He shook his head and said he would rather *like* to see a bird with odd demarcations of that sort. That made the cacophonous too interesting.

"His head should be bald, shouldn't it?" I asked. "With quite a lot of wattles

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and warts and dewlaps and so forth?"

John and Victor agreed. But then a curious hassle occurred. One of the birds most noted for its warts and pimples is the ocellated turkey, a large gallinaceous bird most commonly seen in Guatemala, with a bleak gobbler head from which its melancholy eyes stare beadily out of a colored moonscape of those warts and pimples. Another suggestion was the guan. But guans are a rare and exotic species. One of them, among the rarest birds in Central America, is the horned guan, which has protruding from its forehead a red Popsicle-like horn that shines like a neon tube. When I suggested this appurtenance for the giant cacophonous, Victor had exclaimed in obvious concern, "Oh, no, no! Let's leave the guans out. The guans are too rare and splendid. We can't put a guan's horn on the cacophonous. I don't mind a rhino's horn on him, a very small one, or the horned lizard's or the horned viper's—why, the lizard and viper have several—but let's leave the guans out. They are," he said with an air of finality, "exempt." He poked furiously at the fire.

"We could give him a teen-ager's pimple rather than a guan's," Rowlett quickly suggested.

"Right," Victor said.

"What about its habits?" I asked, to get Victor off the guans.

"The cacophonous goes in groups," Victor said. "It hangs around miniature-golf courses and in the back lots of industrial plants. Wherever you have man coming in and destroying the natural habitat, you have the giant cacophonous waddling in after him, attracted by the sound of saws, jackhammers and the suck of pumps, things of that sort."

"What does it eat?" I asked.

"It eats everything," Victor said gloomily. "Garbage. French fries. Occasionally you can spot the cacophonous under cars in drive-ins from where they can emerge on those lily-trotter feet and ingest bits of French fries that get dropped from car-window trays. Omnivorous. Do you know how a hummingbird tantalizes a flower blossom? So delicate? But this thing, the cacophonous, comes along and eats the whole flower. Chomp!"

"And possibly the hummingbird with it," Rowlett offered.

"If you pick one up," I said, "he should throw up on you. I understand that's what happens when you pick up a shearwater."

"Yes," John said. "Always have to point the cacophonous away from you."

"Why would anyone want to pick up the thing?" Victor asked.

We gazed into the fire. The form of the bird, phoenix-like, began to shimmer in the flames, as if our imaginations, like the workings of a horror film, were producing a corporeal reflection of what was in our minds.

"Whose voice shall we give the cacophonous?" I asked.

John suggested, "What about the shrike-vireo's? He goes, '*Peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter.*' He starts doing this about 5 a.m. and finally he turns it off after the sun goes down. It just drones along. But it's nervous-sounding, too, which tends to put you quite on edge."

"Excellent!" Victor said. "Very good, Peppershrike!"

"You can't get away from it," John was saying. "It seems far away, but it has an astonishing penetrating quality: it comes at you all day long and well into the night."

"Is that the only sound that the shrike-vireo makes?" I asked.

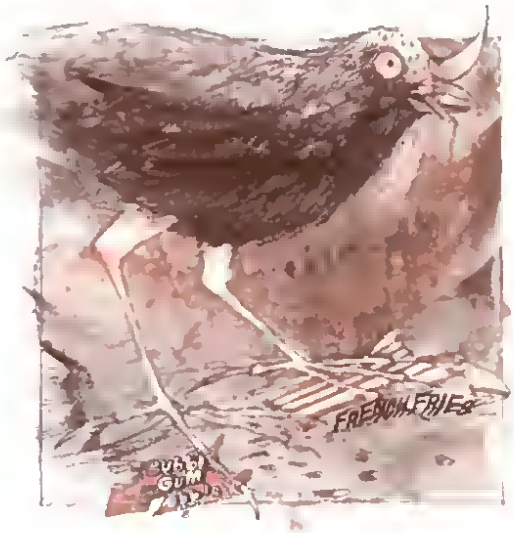
"Sometimes he goes, '*Tchew, tchew, tchew, tchew, tchew,*' and so on, but it's not much of an improvement."

I remembered that Stuart Keith, the famous bird watcher who, according to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, has seen more birds than anyone—5,530 on his life list—had once described the cry of the black caracara. The bird lives in the rain forests of South America. Apparently it produces a sudden tuneless blare that makes the eardrums hurt—"A mixture," Keith had described it to me, "of shriek and trumpet. Like a diesel horn. As if a truck was somehow stuck in the jungle thickets at the edge of the trail."

"What about that one?" I asked after repeating his description.

"*Daptrius ater*," Victor said. "A good idea."

"The two calls could be combined," John suggested. "The *peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter* would drift along for maybe an hour or so, and then suddenly—and you'd never know when it was going to come up, or why—this great horn barrage of the caracara would boom out, and when the echoes would die away you'd hear *peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter. . . .*"



The cacophonous dines on garbage, especially old French fries, and rustles when it walks

"Do you suppose," I asked after a while, "do you suppose the bird can *reproduce*?"

"Naturally," Victor said. "And with a vengeance. It should reproduce almost vegetatively, like a water hyacinth. If you kill one, 10 more seem to spring up overnight." He stirred the fire again. "I'm truly beginning to dislike the cacophonous. He encroaches. He's heading inexorably for the wilderness area. I can see him marching up the highways into the mountains." He shook his head sorrowfully.

I suggested that we might get back to the superb song swift for a while, just for a shift of mood. I pointed out that we hadn't defined his mating habits. Victor brightened immediately. "The mating display of the superb should be spectacular, absolutely awesome!" He snapped his fingers. "An aerial lek!"

"Wow!" exclaimed Rowlett.

"What's a lek?" I asked.

Victor explained. "It's a scientist's term for the area, sometimes a clearing in the forest or, in the case of some grouse, a plot of natural prairie, where a number of male birds stomp around on the ground and do their mating displays in front of a

continued

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female, who then chooses one of them. The most famous leks are those used by the manakins, a family of plump, brightly plumaged sparrow-sized birds found in the American tropics. In fact, some male manakins spend *90%* of every waking hour in a kind of frantic display dance, which the females visit periodically. The males do this all year round."

"Do we want the superb to be quite so desperate?" I asked.

"I don't think so," Victor said. "But the point is that the male superb song swifts, perhaps a dozen of them, should perform an aerial lek, thousands of feet up, trying to impress a female—all kinds of extravagant figure eights and loops and power dives."

"Do birds do that sort of thing?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Rowlett said. "Hawks. Eagles. Ravens do barrel rolls to impress the female. Hummingbirds."

"Of course, they have to land to actually mate, don't they?" I asked.

"Not the swift family," Victor said. "They spend really an enormous part of their lives on the wing. In fact, if a swift happened to land on the ground, he'd be so ill-adapted to it that he probably couldn't get into the air again. He does everything—bathes, eats, probably even sleeps and, certainly, mates in flight."

"Well, ahem," I asked, "how do they manage the mating?"

"It isn't a laborious matter," Victor said. "I mean, birds do it in just a second or so. In the swifts' case, it's hardly ever been observed—because it happens so high up and at such velocity. Presumably, for just an instant, the birds touch, face on, vent to vent, in what could be described as an aerial cloacal kiss—very fleeting, but enough."

"The missionary position," Rowlett added.

"Oh." I said. "It seems to me," I went on, "that the superb song swift might be distinctive in that perhaps the species devotes a bit more time to it than just a couple of seconds. I mean, couldn't the two of them tumble together a couple of *miles* down through the air?"

"I don't see anything wrong with that," Rowlett said.

We thought about this for a bit. After a while I said I didn't mean to change the mood once again, but what were we going to do about the cacophonous?

"Oh God!" Victor exclaimed.

Rowlett reasserted that what set the cacophonous apart from other species was its lackey-like adoption of humankind. "Therefore," John said, "he probably mates under a house. What turns him on is the distant glow of a neon light."

"What about the cacophonous' egg?" I asked.

Victor said, "Of course, the bird is parasitic, which means that it sneaks in and lays this enormous egg in other birds' nests. What do you think? Should it be a soft-shelled kind of reptilian egg, gray and shriveled?"

"That might be too obvious," John remarked. "It's what you might expect of the giant cacophonous. Its egg should have a manufactured quality—as far removed from natural forms as possible. What about," John offered, "a Ping-Pong ball?"

"Perfect!" exclaimed Victor.

A few weeks after we came out of the high country—our search for the imperial ivorybill having been in vain—Victor wrote me an effusive letter about the superb song swift. He couldn't get the bird out of his mind. It was typical of him that he didn't mention the giant cacophonous—the idea of a kind of pariah bird hadn't been agreeable to him from the start. But he was thoroughly entranced by the idea of the swift. He pointed out that very few birders pick swifts as their favorite birds (most choose warblers, shorebirds and, as in his case, hawks) because most swifts are small, drab birds distinguished only by their powers of flight, but just the *idea* of the superb song swift seemed to be steering him away from even his beloved hawks. He wrote, "To think of walking along a cliff in the Andes and all of a sudden hearing the flute-like cascading song of the world's most remarkable bird . . . louder and within seconds ringing in your ears as hurtling over the cliff at the speed of 300 mph, faster even than the Asian spine-tailed swift (which until the superb song swift was "discovered" was the fastest bird), comes a huge falcon-sized swift with an enormous swallowtail."

As I read Victor's letter I wondered if it might be difficult to see a bird traveling through the air at that clip. It would be

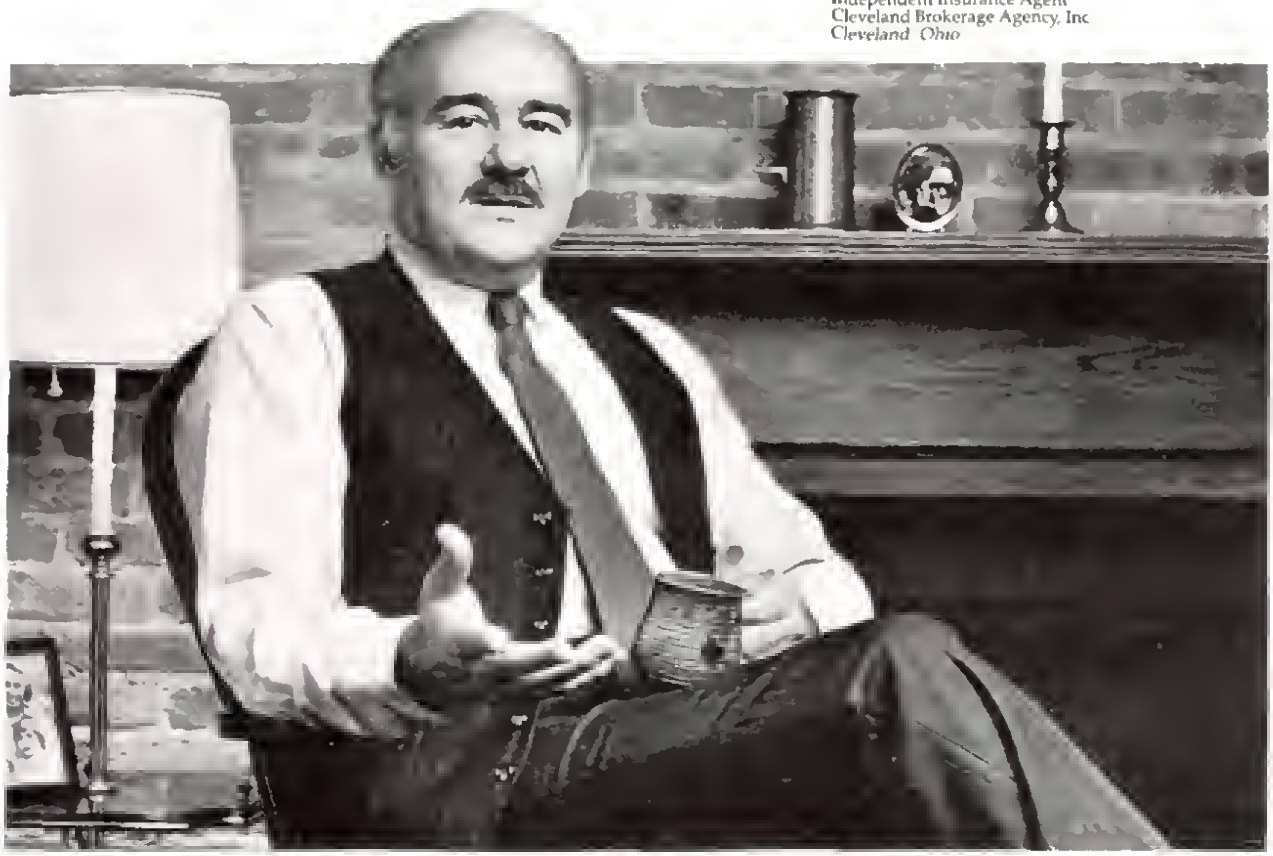
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like remarking on a mortar shell in mid-flight. But then Victor wrote, as if the thought had occurred to him, too, "In a remarkable change of pace, for swifts are masters of flight, the very essence of birdness, almost like air, the superb song swift shifts gears, slows down and glides over the canyon in front of us where we are dazzled by its resplendent iridescence and it seems to shine with a light from within."

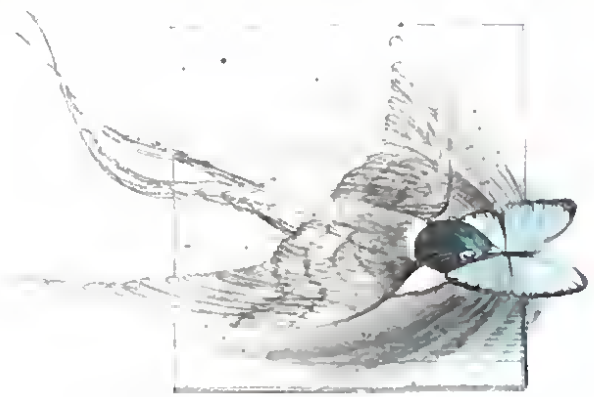
Victor went on to describe the coloration of the swift—a black head with an emerald crest, a fiery-red belly, the wings white below, and above both upper wings and back an "iridescent violet (as in the violet sabrewing hummer), with the tail the purest of whites, except for the tips which are green-gold iridescent, so that in certain lights the sun washes out the tail and the gold-green tips seem to float behind the swift, independent, as though suspended in space . . ."

He went on to its feeding habits. Apparently, the swift feeds only on the huge Morpho butterflies, diving on them from great heights and sailing around the canyons with them in its beak like "a blue gem." As for the swifts' courtship that we had described—tumbling together for a couple of miles from the heights—Victor wrote that "only three people have ever seen it." The conclusion, he wrote, was carried on up and down the lengths of a waterfall in a courtship flight of "more bravery and daring than that of any other bird," the birds on occasion emerging from the spray with wing tips touching. On the way, they engage in a courtship song, which is an "awesomely beautiful flute-like duet."

Only one person (according to Victor) had ever seen the nest of the superb song swift—a pendant nest 30 feet long, behind a 500-foot waterfall. Inside this nest "built of the greenest lichen and moss," the swift lays only one egg—"a magnificent glossy blue egg like that of a tinamou," which he described at length in a footnote.

The letter abounded with postscripts and footnotes. When Victor wrote that the swifts emerged from the waterfall in their courtship flights with wing tips touching, I thought, "Oh, my goodness. No, too much, much too much," until I read a marginal note which stated that nonimaginary swifts often, in fact, do this. As for the "awesomely beautiful" courtship duet on the wing, I was assured in a postscript that orioles and wrens, among others, engage in such duets.

In the longest of his postscripts, Victor worried about his original color scheme for the superb song swift. "Upon reflection I have decided that the bird I describe has too many colors. A bird with too many colors (like the painted bunting) appears gaudy. I think a good working model could be created by taking the shape of the great swallow-tailed swift (Plate 17, *A Field Guide to Mexican Birds* by Roger Tory Peterson and Edward L. Chalif) and transposing onto it the plumage of the white-necked Jacobin hummingbird (Plate 19, *ibid*). I think the crests we discussed and the puff-legs would look ridiculous on our bird; swifts' feet should not be seen."



The superb song swift feeds only on huge Morpho butterflies, diving and sailing through canyons to catch them

Victor closed his postscript by offering some alternative hummingbird plumages to choose from—among others those of the crimson topaz, the Loddige's raquet-tail, the violet sabrewing and the Sappho comet, all of which sounded to me like the names of fireworks, and specified the book (Austin and Singer's *Birds of the World*) and the page numbers so I could gaze upon the possibilities.

We continue to tinker with our superb song swift, to which the eminent ornithologist John Bull, whom we consulted, gave the Latin name *Melodiapus superbus*. Occasionally, during a phone call, Victor will offer a refinement. "Check with the Peppershrike," he concludes. "See if he doesn't think that's an improvement." On the other hand, the common giant cacophonous cowbird (Bull called it *Vulgaris giganteus raucus vaccaves*) seems stolidly set: immutably and steadfastly disagreeable, it goes about laying its Ping-Pong balls in other birds' nests. The terrifying thought presents itself. Is he far-ranging enough to reach the Andes' canyons and pierce the curtain of spray and drop the Ping-Pong ball into the soft lichen and moss of the superb swift's nest? I haven't dared ask Victor. It might upset him too much.

The last time I saw John and Victor, I asked if perhaps the two birds should be named after someone. After all, Kirtland had his warbler; Bullock had his oriole until they took it away from him and called the species the northern oriole; and Bonaparte had his gull, as did Franklin, and so forth.

"Who wouldn't want the superb song swift?" Victor asked. "Emanuel's superb song swift," he tried.

"Yes, yes, but what about the other thing?"

John gave it a try. "Rowlett's common giant cacophonous cowbird. No. Do you want it?" he asked me.

"Not much," I said.

Victor interrupted us. "I have an idea. Both birds should be reserved for the office of the Secretary of the Interior. If the Secretary behaves properly, he gets the superb song swift. If he goes askew, he gets to have the giant cacophonous named after him. Not only that," he added, "but if the Secretary gets the giant cacophonous, flocks of the bird will come and hulk around his porch."

Rowlett began, "*Peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter. . . .*"

Victor interrupted him. "Yes, but doesn't just the chance of having the superb song swift named after you make you want to push to do the job right? Oh, absolutely!" END

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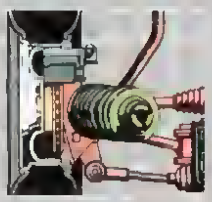
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# VIEWPOINT

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

## A BOUQUET FOR WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, THE MAN WHO OWNS THE DODGERS SO WELL

Surprised but not annoyed to discover I couldn't remember his name, I call the sports department of a local newspaper to help me.

"Hello, sports department?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I was wondering if you happened to know the name of the owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers. I'm doing a story about him and I need to know his name."

"Uh, I don't think I understand," says the sports department. "You're doing a story about somebody and you don't even know his name?"

"It's not that I don't know his name," I answer, "it's just that I've forgotten it, which is a good sign, actually."

"I don't think I. . . ."

"What I mean is I love the way this guy owned the Dodgers in 1981. He did a terrific job of owning a ball club. For me he was the single most refreshing sports figure of the year. Also, he helps me explain why I'm not such a red-hot baseball fan anymore. So can you give me his name?"

"Yeah, sure. It's, uh. . . . Can you hold a sec?"

There are muffled noises on the line. The sports department has its hand over the receiver and is talking among itself. It finally comes back on.

"Peter O'Malley is the owner of the Dodgers."

"Right. O'Malley. Thank you."

"Wait a minute," says the sports department. "You got your answer, now I want one. What reason do you have for calling Peter O'Malley a hero? Peter O'Malley is a colorless non-controversial guy. As big league owners go, he's a plate of boiled cabbage. We *never* use his name. When the Dodgers won the Series, we didn't even quote him."

"Precisely. He's exactly what owners ought to be."

"Now I get it," says the sports department. "Another anti-Steinbrenner piece. Believe me, it's been done."

"No, you don't get it at all." I tell the sports department. "I have nothing against Mr. Steinbrenner. I think he's a great act. And a man's man. If he says he beat up those two guys on the elevator, I believe him. If he said he beat Rosie Ruiz in the New York Marathon *after* beating up those two guys in the elevator, I'd believe that, too. I think he makes a very good beer commercial. It's 'owning' as a force in sport that I don't like."

"I don't get it."

"Last season, and especially during the World Series, I finally became convinced that 'owning' is ruining big league sport. Not just because it exposes owners as greedy and overbearing and sometimes even disgusting, but bad for sport."

"You mean Steinbrenner?"

"I mean the Finleys and the Turners and the Davises and the Steinbrenners and all the others whose owning tactics have wiped out every illusion of belonging that sports fans must have."

"Illusions? What illusions?"

"See what I mean? People forget illusions ever existed. The illusions of allegiance. Of loyalty to team and place."



I clear my throat and continue on.

"Owners used to be guys who willed sport to the people, like philanthropists. They didn't do it for the money; they usually had enough of that already. They did it for the joy of it. The involvement. To be beloved in their hometown or in towns they made their homes. They were the players' patrons and friends, not their adversaries. I'm talking about the Rooneys and the Wrigleys and Tom Yawkey and people like that. They'd have been in it even if they couldn't make a dime. Sometimes they lost their shirts. But they were 'sportsmen.' And the fans believed that the team they rooted for and bought tickets to see play really was *their* team. Boston's team. Cleveland's team. It was *very important*."

"So what's so different?"

"The illusion is gone. The losing team in the World Series clearly wasn't the New York Yankees, it was the George Steinbrenner Yankees. As long as Charlie Finley owned the Athletics, they were the Finley A's. Refuse to build 'em a new stadium and they'll go to Memphis."

"I take it you have a solution."

"Not one that I've refined."

"Try it on me," says the sports department. "I'm all ears."

"I think municipalities should own professional sports franchises. I think the cities that bear their names and put up with their flops and failures shouldn't only run those teams but benefit from them when they win, fiscally as well as socially and spiritually. I think with all that television money floating around, it's time the fans got a return on their investment, which is quite considerable when they have to tax themselves to build fancy new stadiums."

"How would they get control?"

"Legal confiscation, for a fair-market price. Or negotiated sales. Then let the municipalities appoint boards of directors to run the teams, with the same general managers that run them now—making deals, hiring and firing, trading and so forth. But in the end, the Yankees would truly belong to New York, not to George Steinbrenner."

"But you'd let your 1981 man of the year, O'Malley, continue to own the Dodgers?"

"As long as he kept out of sight."

"How about what Peter O'Malley's father did to Brooklyn?"

"Oh, that. Well, that was a long time ago. A sin of the father. Maybe Peter'll move the Dodgers back someday. Until then he has my qualified support."

I hear the sports department sigh. "Listen," it says, finally. "How did you get this number?" END

Sports Illustrated

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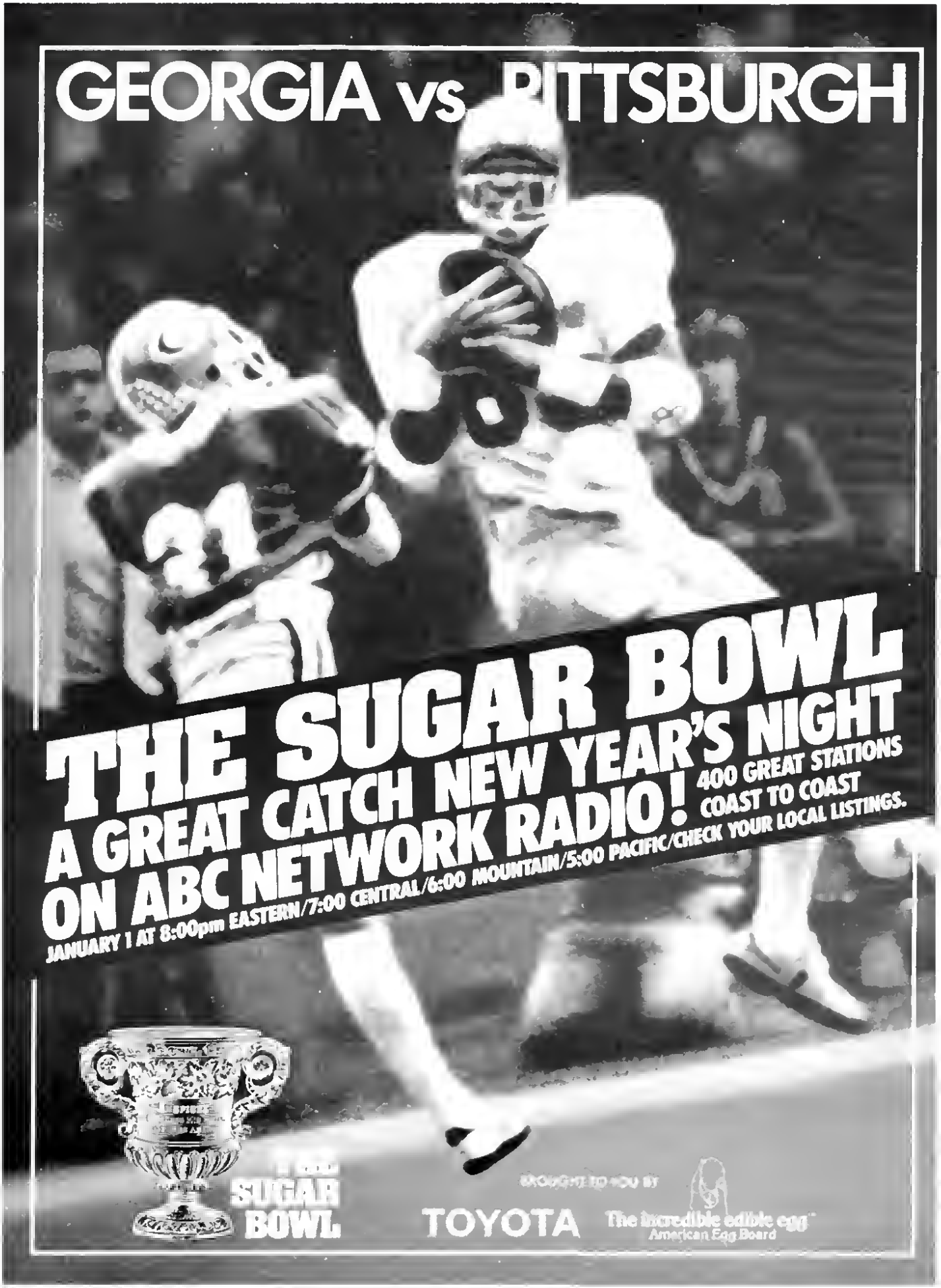
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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Dec. 14-20**

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Boston and Philadelphia continued to play leapfrog. Celtic wins over Dallas, 109–92, and Washington, 99–98 as Robert Parish scored 32 points, and a Sixer 117–115 loss to New York put Boston a half-game ahead in the Atlantic Division going into the teams' second meeting of the season. In that game Philly got 36 points from Julius Erving and won 123–118 to square the Celtic-Sixer season's series and take the divisional lead. Golden State snapped a two-game losing streak by *defeating Pacific Division-leading L. A. 120–115* as Bernard King and World B. (né Lloyd) Free combined for 65 points. That left the Warriors, along with Seattle, Portland and Phoenix, in the middle of the Pac, all within four games of the Lakers and all with better than .500 records. In the Central, Milwaukee remained 3½ games in front with a 104–96 thumping of its closest rival, Indiana, and in the Midwest, Houston scored three straight wins and welcomed back Forward Robert Reid from a 12 day "leave of absence." He came off the bench to score 22 points in the Rockets' 102–95 defeat of Chicago. One Midwest club that played .500 ball—for the week, at least—was Dallas. Mavs' rookie Jay Vincent had 31 and 24 points in victories over Washington (107–102) and Portland (102–95) as Dallas ran its record to 6–20. Poor Phoenix, no sooner had the Suns gotten Guard Walter Davis back from a broken left elbow than Center Alvan Adams broke his nose in two places thanks to a deliberate blow, Adams claimed, from Midwest-leading San Antonio's George Gervin in a 108–104 Phoenix win. Even without Adams, the Suns beat Kansas City 95–87.

**BOXING**—DWIGHT BRAXTON scored a 10th-round technical knockout of Matthew Saad Muhammad in Atlantic City to win the WBC light heavyweight title (*page 26*).

KATSUO TOKASHIKI won the WBA junior flyweight title with a unanimous 15-round decision over Hwan-Jin Kim in Sendai, Japan.

SAOUL MAMBY successfully defended his WBC junior welterweight title in Lagos, Nigeria with a 15-round decision over Obisia Nwankpa.

JUAN HERRERA stopped Betulio Gonzalez in the *seventh round in Merida, Mexico to retain* his WBA flyweight title.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—IDAHO STATE beat Eastern Kentucky 34–23 to win the NCAA's Division I-AA title in Wichita Falls, Texas, and ELON (N.C.) COLLEGE won its second straight NAIA Division I championship with a 3–0 defeat of Pittsburg (Kans.) State. In bowl games, BRIGHAM YOUNG triumphed 38–36 over Washington State in the Holiday Bowl, TOLEDO beat San Jose State 27–25 in the California Bowl and MISSOURI defeated Southern Mississippi 19–17 in the Tangerine Bowl.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—With four unclaimed playoff berths going into the regular schedule's final weekend, Detroit and Denver squandered chances to qualify for postseason play while the Jets, 28–3 victors over Green Bay, and the Giants, who beat Dallas 13–10 in overtime, gave New York its first playoff representatives in 12 years (*page 20*). Tampa Bay used Defensive Tackle Dave Logan's 21-yard romp with a recovered fumble to defeat Detroit 20–17 and win the NFC Central title. It was the Lions' only loss of the season in their Silverdome. San Diego won the AFC West crown by beating Oakland on Monday night to overtake Denver, which was upset 35–24 by Chicago. Baltimore (2–14) won its Stupor Bowl with New England (2–14) 23–21, but to the loser went the spoils—the first pick in next spring's draft. In other games, Atlanta, which had lost 21–16 to Los Angeles on Monday, fell to Cincinnati 30–28. Philadelphia beat St. Louis 38–0. Kansas City edged Minnesota 10–6, Miami defeated Buffalo 16–6, Seattle routed Cleveland 42–21, San Francisco outlasted New Orleans 21–17, Houston beat Pittsburgh 21–20; and Washington defeated the Rams 30–7.

**HOCKEY**—*Despite scoring three times in the final* eight minutes for a 5–4 win over Calgary, league point leader—with 50—Edmonton suffered a couple of setbacks in the game. Rookie Goaltender Grant Fuhr dislocated his right shoulder and will be sidelined for at least a week, and Right Wing Dave Lumley was held without a goal for the first time in 12 games. But Lumley came back with a hat trick—as did linemate Wayne Gretzky—in the Smythe Division-leading Oilers' 9–6 win two nights later over Minnesota, which was tied with Chicago for the Norris Division lead. Ron Low and Andy Moog turned away 20 North Star shots in that game. Montreal, tops in the Wales Conference, won its fifth consecutive game—and second of the week over Boston—by beating the Bruins 5–2. It was the 21st straight time Boston had played in The Forum without winning, a streak that dates back to 1976. Philadelphia remained just two points behind the Patrick Division-leading Islanders by winning three times, including 2–1 over Buffalo on a rare penalty shot. Wing Behn Wilson was awarded the shot after the Sabres' Larry Playfair didn't live up to his surname, pulling Wilson down from behind on a breakaway.

**HORSE RACING**—DASHINGLY ($2.60), with Danny Cardoza in the saddle, beat The Black Alliance by 1¾ lengths to win the $569,000 Golden State Futurity for quarter horses at Los Alamitos. The 2-year-old *filly covered the 400 yards in 20.02 seconds.*

TAHITIAN KING ($6.40), Bill Shoemaker up, won the $226,000 Citation Handicap at Hollywood Park by a neck over King Go Go. The 5-year-old covered the 1⅛ miles in 1.48⅘.

Jerry Nicodemus rode DENIM N DIAMONDS ($3.40) to victory by a neck over Sgt. Pepper Feature in the $200,000 Champion of Champions at Los Alamitos. The 4-year-old quarter-horse mare ran the 440 yards in 21.73.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—MISL. Steve Zungul had seven goals in two games, including five in a 9–4 defeat of Buffalo, as New York ran its mark to 8–1 and continued to lead the Eastern Division. St. Louis remained atop the West with a 10–2 thumping of Baltimore.

NASL. Edmonton's Jan Goosens drilled home seven goals in a 14–5 win over Portland, tying the NASL record for goals in an indoor game. Goosens, whose *Driller* teammates trailed Northwest Division-leading Seattle, was leading the league with 14 goals after his big burst. Tulsa, with the league's best record (4–1), stayed in first place in the Central as Laurie Abrahams scored four times and assisted three times in a 10–3 defeat of the East leader, Toronto. George Best returned from a knee injury, getting five goals for Western Division-leading San Jose in a 10–9 win over San Diego.

**TENNIS**—TRACY AUSTIN won the $250,000 Toyota Championships in East Rutherford, N.J. with a 2–6, 6–4, 6–2 defeat of Martina Navratilova (*page 28*).

TIM WILKISON beat Chris Lewis 6–4, 7–6, 6–3 in *the finals of the $125,000 New South Wales Open in* Sydney.

**VOLLEYBALL**—USC defeated UCLA 9–15, 15–7, 10–15, 15–13 and 15–7 to win the NCAA Division I women's title in Los Angeles.

**MILEPOSTS**—NAMED. As football coach at Kentucky, former Maryland Coach JERRY CLAIBORNE, 53, replacing Fran Curci, who was fired, by Texas-El Paso as its football coach, former West Texas State Coach BILL YUNG, 48, to replace interim Coach Billy Alton, by West Texas State DON DAVIS, 42, to replace Yung, and as the new coach at Virginia, former Navy Coach GEORGE WELSH, 48.

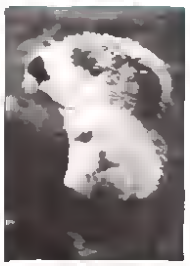
TRADED. By the Cincinnati Reds, Third Baseman RAY KNIGHT, 29, to the Houston Astros for Outfielder CESAR CEDENO, 30.

DIED. JIM ENRIGHT, 71, a member of the Basketball Hall of Fame and longtime official and sportswriter, of kidney failure, in Chicago.

**CREDITS**

6—Lane Stewart. **20,21**—Walter Iooss Jr. **22**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **23**—Walter Iooss Jr. (top), Ronald C. Modra. **24**—Ronald C. Modra. **25**—Ronald C. Modra (left), Walter Iooss Jr. (center), Roy Hobson. **26**—Tony Triolo. **27**—Barton Silverman. **28,29**—Walter Iooss Jr. **30,31**—Russ Adams. **34,35**—Richard Mackson. **36,37**—Manny Millan. **38**—Neil Leifer. **39-41**—John Iacono. **60,61**—Tony Tomsic, Manny Rubio (inset). **82, 66**—Tony Tomsic. **86**—Lane Stewart. **60**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **80**—John Iacono. **101**—Don Kemp, Seattle Aquarium, Grant Hallman.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**ETIKA**
SEATTLE

Etika, a 7-year-old sea otter, is the first of her species to have successfully borne and raised a pup in captivity, a feat she has accomplished—with help from Chtakch, her male tank mate at the Seattle Aquarium—three times in as many years.



**JACKIE**
BALTIMORE

Jackie, an adolescent of undetermined age, won the 40th Chesapeake Turtle Derby in Baltimore in a record 16.32 seconds for the 12½-foot course. As reward, his owner, Jeff Gorboth, set him free in the woods where he had been found.



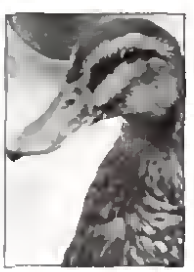
**BELMONO**
KEOKUK, IOWA

Belmond, 6, a Labrador, retrieved 13 throws of a Frisbee in a minute-long, three-dog freestyle runoff to win the 1981 Catch & Fetch title, held in Pasadena, Calif. Her thrower was her master, Bob Cox, a 22-year-old Iowa state trooper.



**PETUNIA**
LITCHFIELD, MAINE

Petunia, 1½, a 300-pound white sow, beat two other hogs in the final heat of the 1981 Porkness at the Litchfield Fair to earn the Superpig Trophy for 1981. In covering the 350-foot course, she beat the runner-up, Sophie, by three feet.



**BFD EXPRESS**
BOSQUE FARMS, N. MEX.

BFD, 7 months, beat Rio Grande Queen by a bill to win the Great American Duck Race in Deming, N. Mex. Waddling the 16-foot course in 1.576 seconds, she won $1,500 for her owner, a jewelry wholesaler named Robert Duck.



**BILLY**
GILDED, COLO.

Billy, 6, won his second triple crown of burro racing, placing first in events in Fairplay, Leadville and Buena Vista, Colo. He traversed more than 20 miles of mountainous terrain in each race while carrying 35 pounds of mining gear.

# 19TH HOLE
# THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**THE CLEMSON AFFAIR**

Sir:

Thanks for your views on the ABC-TV report concerning Clemson's possible recruiting violations (SCORECARD, Dec. 14). With one exception, we are South Carolina natives—and all of us are students at or graduates of Furman—and we applaud your support of ABC. The way the fans in our state and the NBC radio affiliate in Greenville reacted the week after the report, you would have thought that ABC had announced God was dead.

Regardless of a team's ranking, it is a newsworthy event when recruiting violations—a problem that plagues college sports—are suspected at a school. We feel that fans who are as avid as Clemson's appear to be should be concerned enough to face the question of possible illegalities on the part of the school's athletic program.

We're also sure that those fans who cried "bad journalism" in response to the ABC report weren't concerned about NBC's coverage at about the same time of UCLA's then impending basketball probation.

KEN SATTERFIELD
JIM FUSON
MIKE OGBURN
ROGER CASEY
DAVID BISHOP
Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

After observing the local media coverage of the ABC-Clemson affair, I found it refreshing to read a more objective account in your Dec. 14 issue.

DAVID G. ELLISON
Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

I take exception to your defense of ABC-TV for its treatment of Clemson during the telecast of the Penn State-Pitt game. The charge by two former Knoxville high school stars that they had been given money to attend Clemson was essentially old news, which had been reported by the South Carolina media before the football season even began. Indeed, even SI made no more than a passing comment about the situation in its Nov. 16 article on Clemson (*The Paws Have Given Cause for Pause*).

You say that ABC commentator Jim Lampley was "bending over backward to suggest that [James] Cofer and [Terry] Minor [the two players in question] may have had axes to grind," because they were trying to secure a release from their commitment to Clemson. If so, why did ABC include in its nine-minute report an interview with former Clemson Basketball Coach Tates Locke, who resigned under pressure in 1975 in the midst of an investigation of Clemson for *basketball* recruiting violations? How was Locke's contribution relevant to this situation? To many Clemson fans, ABC seemed to be saying that because Clemson was guilty once, it must also be guilty this time.

Beyond the Cofer-Minor report, ABC was guilty that day of yet another journalistic inequity in the eyes of Clemson fans. Arguably the biggest story in college football this year has been the inability of No. 1-ranked teams to hold on to the top spot. With a Penn State victory over Pitt a foregone conclusion early in the fourth quarter and ABC's dream Sugar Bowl matchup between then No. 1 Pitt and No. 3 Georgia in shambles, the announcers were silent about which team—Clemson, of course—would be likely to rise to No. 1 in the polls the following week. This omission was reminiscent of ABC's coverage of the 1978 Gator Bowl, during which the announcers made no mention of the fact that, as millions looked on, Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes had punched, yes, a Clemson player.

Whether there was any "Machiavellian intent" by ABC to denigrate the Clemson-Nebraska Orange Bowl game is debatable. But what is apparent is that ABC's presentation of Clemson wasn't totally objective or ethical, and certainly wasn't deserving of SI's praise.

The real losers in this story are the members of Clemson's undefeated football team. Theirs is a story of dedication, team effort and fan support. It's a pity ABC didn't see that.

STEVE CRUMP
Clemson '78
Anderson, S.C.

Sir:

You failed to mention several pertinent facts.

The stated reason that ABC didn't air its Clemson report during its telecast of the Clemson-North Carolina game was that the network wanted to talk to other sources. The most notable other source to appear in the report was Tates Locke. Locke was forced out as basketball coach at Clemson nearly seven years ago at a time when his basketball program was being investigated for recruiting violations. Did ABC expect him to say anything relevant to the current situation? His news, which didn't amount to a hill of beans, was old news indeed.

You stated that the claim by the chairman of the Orange Bowl's selection committee that ABC was trying to promote the Sugar Bowl was "far-fetched." Why, then, during the rout of Pittsburgh, did the announcers not mention No. 2-rated Clemson? This was either extremely sloppy reporting or an intentional omission. Either way, it was unbecoming and unprofessional.

Granted, ABC has the right to investigate whatever it pleases. It also has the responsibility to make an accurate and fair presentation. In this ABC has failed. And that is what the uproar is all about.

KEVIN MCCRAVY
Seneca, S.C.

Sir:

I was outraged upon reading your editorial approving of ABC-TV's airing of the now infamous nine-minute report accusing—in my opinion, just short of convicting—Clemson of recruiting violations. ABC's report was deplorable journalism, and SI's backing of it was just as bad. In light of the fact that it is the policy of the NCAA not to comment on unsubstantiated charges and that the member school, in this case, Clemson, cannot comment because these charges are under NCAA investigation, ABC-TV was left with but one-third of a story that was old news at best. The audience got the players' side of things, but couldn't hear the NCAA's or Clemson's views. To my mind that doesn't make for a quality investigative report. If ABC-TV is so determined to uncover, investigate and report recruiting violations of NCAA member schools, where was it during the recent Miami and UCLA investigations?

Your support for the media investigating alleged violations, your suggestion that our university president, Dr. Bill Lee Atchley, was denying the press its right to examine ethical transgressions and your implication that this incident compares in some way to Watergate are certainly below your usual high standards of sports journalism.

The innocence or guilt of Clemson and SI's and ABC's right to investigate alleged violations are not the issues. The issues are whether a news organization has the right to broadcast or print partial stories that tend to imply guilt and the possible use of such a story to promote one network over another.

JOHN C. LEMACKS JR.
Gastonia, N.C.

**ROOKIE COLLINSWORTH**

Sir:

As an avid University of Florida football fanatic and alumnus, I found it heartwarming to see your Dec. 14 cover. Cris (Cadillac) Collinsworth not only deserves that honor but he also deserves to be NFL Rookie of the Year.

No other rookie has contributed as much to his team this year as Collinsworth. For four years Gator fans had enjoyed and benefited

from his leadership and talents, and now we're getting to share one of our finest products with the rest of the nation. The orange and blue's loss was definitely the orange and black's gain. Here's to Collinsworth's continued success as a Cincinnati Bengal.

REY A. PALMA
Merritt Island, Fla.

Sir:

Judging by the way Cris Collinsworth handles the press, one would think he was an NFL veteran instead of a rookie. It's good to see a man become successful and be able to deal with his success in the manner Cris has.

BOBBY DUNCAN
Lakeland, Fla.

***LOCKING HELMETS***

Sir:

That was a great cover and article on Cris Collinsworth. But as for Ronald N. Campbell's untimely slam at the Bengals' new helmet (ART TALK, Dec. 14), don't knock the stripes. They seem to be working!

MARK SHUMP
Oxford, Ohio

Sir:

I enjoyed Ronald N. Campbell's comments about the illustrations football teams use on their helmets. I agree that the design on the Los Angeles Rams helmet originated by then Ram Halfback Fred Gehrke, is distinctive and artistic, but my choice for the best logo is that of the Pittsburgh Steelers. It is esthetic and instantly recognizable. My second choice would be the gold helmet with the red and white SF emblem worn by the 49ers. However, I love Campbell's description of the awful Bengals' headgear: "Something that looks like a varicose pumpkin."

HAROLD O. CHRISTENSEN
San Francisco

Sir:

In view of the tenor of Ronald N. Campbell's article, I was surprised at his criticism of the helmet of the Cleveland Browns. Campbell should have hailed the Browns as the only professional sports team in America free of the sort of show-biz mentality that has brought us garish team emblems. Surely, the unadorned orange helmet of the Browns is as recognizable to true football enthusiasts as are the horns of the Los Angeles Rams or the "majestic silver wings" of the Philadelphia Eagles.

MARC COLLIN, M.D.
*Chicago*

Sir:

Regarding Ronald N. Campbell's ART TALK, that's exactly what the article was—a lot of talk and nothing else. I'd be willing to bet that the color or design of a team's helmet has no effect on the team's won-lost record. Otherwise, Alabama's Paul Bryant must be an even greater coach than he seems. He has had to carry the burden of coaching a team with a "conservative" helmet. My favorite NFL club is the Philadelphia Eagles. I'm pleased to

*continued*






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learn that their "majestic silver wings" are satisfactory

ANDREW CURL
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

What could possibly be "graphically confusing" about a team having its school's colors on its helmet? Ohio State, like the Cleveland Browns, should be commended for keeping its helmet scheme simple. As for "the little nuts of the buckeye tree," ask any Buckeye fan what a buckeye is and he'll have an answer for you. To us, the Buckeyes are easily recognizable and *always* impressive!

TODD ALBERT
Grove City, Ohio

Sir:

How can any article on football helmets fail to mention the distinctive winged design worn by the Michigan Wolverines ever since Fritz Crisler came to Ann Arbor in 1937?

HARRY T BAUMANN
Wilmette, Ill.

**FLORIDA FOUR, PLUS ONE**

Sir:

Hats off to Jack McCallum for his excellent coverage of the inaugural Florida Four basketball tournament (*Four on the Floor in Florida*, Dec. 14). The Sun Dome is a sparkling showcase for the University of South Florida, alertly identified by SI as one of the top 48 college basketball teams in the nation. And Tony Grier is a magical ball handler and truly an All-America candidate.

TED WOLFE
Tampa

Sir:

Jack McCallum's article on Florida college basketball cited some confusion between the University of South Florida and Florida Southern College. Florida Southern, located in Lakeland, is the 1981 NCAA Division II champion. It is the only school in Florida ever to win a national championship in basketball. I trust that those outside—and inside—Florida can now tell the difference.

JONATHAN R BEARD
Florida Southern '78
Bloomfield, N.J.

Sir:

Referring to South Florida as USF, as Jack McCallum did in his article, is as misleading as referring to the University of South Carolina as USC. Can you imagine trying to convince a young basketball fan in 1995 that Bill Russell did *not* win a national championship for South Florida? I'd rather you reserved USF for my alma mater here on the West Coast, the University of San Francisco.

JACK DRISCOLL
San Francisco

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Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

# The 1981 Kodak All-America Football Team.


Terry Crouch OL
Oklahoma

Kurt Becker OL
Michigan


Steve Cordle QB
Fresno State

Fred Marion DB
Miami (Florida)

Marcus Allen RB
Southern California

Anthony Carter WR
Michigan

Darrin Nelson FB
Stanford

Jim McMahon QB
Brigham Young

Glen Collins LB
Mississippi State

Sean Farrell OL
Penn State

Billy Ray Smith DL
Arkansas

Tommy Wilcox DB
Alabama


Sal Sunseri LB
Pittsburgh

Dan Marino QB
Pittsburgh

Kenneth Sims DL
Texas

Jimmy Williams DL
Nebraska

Jeff Davis LB
Clemson


Harvey Armstrong DL
SMU

Tim Wrightman TE
UCLA

Bob [illegible] LB
[illegible]


Dave Rimington C
Nebraska

Herschel Walker RB
Georgia

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